The Saturday Evening Post.

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ETERNITY FOR ALL.

BY THE LATE ROBERT LEIGHTON.

I read of battles with their thousands slain,
Of plagues that buried myriads side by side,
Of savage hordes that seemed to live in vain,
And unregretted died.

And through the histories—sacred and profane—
What hecatombs of unknown dead I see,
And marvel if at death they rose again,
And if all these still *be!*

That Shakespeare lives we easily believe—
The wonder were that such could ever die.
But those unthinking swarms! who can conceive
How *they* should live, or why?

Why not? If here life's lowly ends they serve,
May there not be hereafter lowly ends?
The ruder mission for the ruder nerve:
One makes—one only mends.

Their numbers shake us!—Though the stars had been
Like earth, each one the cradle of a race,
And all immortal, there were room within
The eternal dwelling-place.

For infinite as space, and in its needs
As various as creation, it demands
All modes of being, intellect and creeds,
Untnumbering the sands.

JOHN VERNEY'S FOUNDLINGS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY E. M. HAMILTON.

It was an early autumn morning when Mr. John Verney, Jr., merchant, encased himself in his overcoat, put on his warm, fur-lined gloves, and stepped out into the front hall, with the intention of proceeding down street to procure the necessary day's marketing. Now the fact was, John was a little impatient that morning—a state of affairs not unusual with many persons, when aroused out of their sound slumbers to perform some disagreeable duty—and probably this "early rising" was the cause of John's impatience on that particular morning, notwithstanding the fact that John's father—"the late lamented," had frequently endeavored to impress upon John's mind, the importance of the saying—"that the early bird catches the worm," but which John ruefully thought was a poor rule that did not work both ways—for if the early bird catches the worm, it was the early worm that got caught; and I do not know but my readers will agree with him. But be the case as it may, when John arrived at the front door of the aforesaid hall, he found that it would not yield readily to his touch. With a muttered imprecation on the servant—"For so fastening a door, that a man couldn't open it," he turned the knob this way and that way, twisted the key until it broke off in the lock, but still the door obstinately refused to open. Impatience rapidly gave way to wrath, and wrath to extreme rage; when finally with both feet braced against the door-post, and both hands grasping the door-knob—John gave a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether—when the door opened, but with such suddenness that John immediately assumed a sitting posture in the middle of the hall, holding, with a desperate clutch, the broken door-knob, while through the open door swung a basket or bundle of huge proportions, which with a velocity and accuracy of aim totally unexpected by John—struck that gentleman full in the tenderest region of the stomach.

John's sitting posture instantly assumed that of horizontal astonishment.

"Halloo, what's this? Mary—Bridget—help!" he exclaimed, as soon as he could recover sufficient breath to exclaim anything. But ere the desired assistance arrived, there came forth from that mysterious bundle a low sound of infantile wailing—low and soft, like "sweet music upon a summer sea"—which fast increased in strength and volume until it resembled a full-blown Italian opera, and a first class performance at that. This latter produced the result which John's voice failed to accomplish, for Mary, John's wife, and Bridget, the servant girl, came speedily to the scene of disaster, with features depicting both fear and extreme wonderment.

Bridget seized the basket, as it turned out to be, and Mary helped her astonished and somewhat crest-fallen lord to his feet, when they all adjourned to the sitting-room to learn the cause of this unusual tumult in the Verney household. The basket being placed upon the table, Bridget proceeded to discover its contents by removing an old ragged blanket, which was tied down over the mouth of the basket in the same manner as you would confine chickens when desiring to take them to market. This task being accomplished, there lay revealed to the astonished household—a baby, with a very dirty face, and red eyes caused by over weeping.

The family gazed at the baby, and the baby gazed at the family, in silence; each one as much amazed as the other at the meeting.

There is no telling how long this silence might have continued, had it not been interrupted by a low "chuckling," just outside the house. John arose, went to the window and looked out, but discovering nothing, returned and commenced a more thorough examination of the basket. The new comer was found to be a little girl about six months old, with dark brown eyes, and clad in a very soiled garment made of some rough material. In the bottom of the basket was a crumpled piece of paper covered with some curious pencil marks, which with considerable effort John made out to read as follows:

"Deer Sur—this 'ere baby girl throde onto the charity of a colde, colde wurld, is the child of poor but respectful parents, nun of yer lo truck; as yer do, so ma God do to you. Yer humbul sarvant, Bon."

"Well, this affair is growing interesting," said John, after a pause. "See if the youngster has a strawberry mark on her arm—she may turn out to be an heiress yet."

The only answer to this remark was a prolonged whistle, which appeared to come from the neighborhood of the window. John seized his hat and rushed out into the street.

He was gone but a few minutes when he returned, half dragging, half leading a boy whom he found perched upon the railing around the area steps, looking into the window.

"Well, Mary; I have brought you another foundling," said John, as he led his captive into the centre of the room; and then turning sternly to the boy—

"And now, you young scamp, whose boy are you, and where did you come from? I have a notion to hand you over to the police."

The boy, apparently not more than twelve years old, dressed in the cast-off clothing of some man, with boots which shuffled along the floor, so loose were they; with an old coat, the tail of which dragged behind him—presented an object so ludicrous, that Mrs. Verney was inclined to laugh, only for those sad, pinched features, which told how hard had been the struggle with want and poverty. He remained standing in the centre of the room, looking sullenly at the floor. John repeated his question.

"Me? I'm nobody, and I come from nowhere," he answered, and then looking up at John with an air of comic gravity, mingled with defiance. "Yer ain't a goin' to call the p'lice, are yer? for if yer is, I'll make no dismissions as will convict myself outside the prestincts of the coort."

John stood for a moment utterly at a loss what to say in reply to this unexpected and peculiar speech on the part of the boy, whose eyes were now alternating from the baby to Mrs. Verney, and from Mrs. Verney back to the baby again, but a look of such pleading despair had settled upon his face, that all the kind sympathies of Mrs. Verney's motherly heart were stirred within her. John, although a kind-hearted man naturally, was, as we have already discovered, rather quick tempered; and he was about to make some angry reply to the boy, when a soft hand was placed on his coat sleeve, and Mrs. Verney said, "Don't, John."

John made no reply, but looking at the boy a moment, seized his market basket and walked rather hastily out of the house, and proceeded down the street.

In about an hour having completed his purchases John returned home. On entering the dining-room he found the table spread for breakfast waiting his coming; while sitting by the fire, with his face clean and shining from the effects of soap and water, and with his hair nicely brushed sat the boy earnestly engaged in conversation with Mrs. Verney. But he instantly ceased when he observed the entrance of John, and the old despairing look came over his face which just before was all animation and smiles. Near the window was Bridget with the baby, whom she had washed and dressed, the clothing being some garments Mrs. Verney had produced from a drawer that was kept locked, and was seldom opened, for the little form that once had worn them had gone out from the life of the Verney household forever.

The present wearer, unconscious but that her presence was entirely welcome, was laughing and cooing in great glee, and she held out her hands to John in mute entreaty to be taken; and as he made an effort to pass, the look of babyish wonderment at her rejection sent a thrill to John's heart, and he was conquered. Taking her in his arms he chucked her under the chin, then pitched her into the air, catching her as she came down; while the baby laughed and crowed, and doubled up her tiny fist and poked John's eye, or gave his whiskers a sly pull, causing Bridget to exclaim in an ecstasy of delight, "That she was the brightest little hooty-tooty that ever was, that she was."

"You bet! That 'ere baby are a reg'lar brick, none o' yer low truck, mister," said the boy.

John turned, and discovered a pair of brown eyes in a face not unhandsome, but shrewd and old beyond its years, fixed upon him and the baby with an eagerness which was almost painful.

With the intention of speaking kindly to the boy, John started toward him, when he arose suddenly from his chair and fell at John's feet, clasping him about the knees with his hands.

THE FLAMINGO AND ITS NEST.

The Flamingo is upwards of five feet high. It is found on the sea-coast of Africa. The plumage of these noble birds is most splendid, being a combination of carnation hues with delicate white. A row of them standing together is a most striking spectacle. The neck is long, but the bill is so strangely shaped that it seems difficult to understand how it is used for procuring food. The nest is curiously constructed, and their mode of sitting upon it is most extraordinary. They scrape together a hillock of earth, as shown in the illustration above; then, a hole having been made in the top, two or three eggs, each as large as goose-eggs, are laid. The female sits upon them, with her legs resting at either side on the ground, or sometimes even in shallow water, from which, as a sort of island, the hillock rises.

"Oh, mister!" he exclaimed, "do anything yer pleases with me, give me up to the p'lice, turn me out o' doors, anything yer likes, I'm old enough to stand it, but please keep baby. She's so little, she can't stand what I kin. When mother died she said as how I must purtect baby and find her a good home; an' if yer turns baby out an' she dies, I don't want to live no longer, no how." And the stout little heart which had borne up so bravely through long months of poverty and sorrow, with the rebuffs and curses of a heartless world, now gave way in a flood of bitter tears.

John felt a curious sensation about the eyes which he could not restrain, and handing the baby to Bridget, he walked away toward the window, where he blew his nose violently for a few moments, while Mrs. Verney shaded her face with her book, and kind-hearted Bridget almost smothered the baby with kisses, exclaiming; "Only to think! ye poor little desarters."

At length John turned toward the boy, who was seated upon the floor, with his head resting upon a chair. "My boy," he said kindly, "you need have no fears of either you or the baby being turned out, at least for the present. We will have breakfast first, and after we have heard your story, we will know better then what is best to do."

Bridget relinquished the care of the baby to Mrs. Verney, and speedily placed the breakfast upon the table, when the family seated themselves around it, with the exception of Bridget, who conveyed the baby triumphantly into the kitchen, where we suspect the pitcher of milk came in for a conspicuous part of the ceremonies. The boy, who had recovered his composure, being asked by John to take a seat at the table, answered, much to that gentleman's amusement;

"No, thank yer, I shall not intrude onto yer hospitality, sir; 'sides, I've a piece o' dried herrin' an' a sinker left yet;" and from some concealed receptacle of the old coat he produced the articles, a piece of herring and a hard cracker, which, with the air of one whose resources were inexhaustible, he proceeded to spread out on his knee. "Yer see, mister," he said, his face changing to a serious expression, "baby never could go this 'ere, her teeth wasn't developed enough yet, an' as I never were much of a nuss no how, it kinder went hard with her."

Both John and Mary laughed.

"I suppose it would," said John, "judging from the provisions; but as we are not afraid of your over-doing our hospitality, my boy, you had better come and eat breakfast with us."

After some urging upon the part of Mrs. Verney, the boy hesitatingly complied; and carefully folding the herring and cracker in a piece of brown paper, and as carefully replacing it under his coat, he took a seat at the table. John filled his plate for him bountifully, which was quickly emptied, and that with no apparent abatement of appetite.

"It is evident you are fond of hospitality," said John, casting a sly look at Mrs. Verney. "Will you have some more?"

"I never refuses a friend," and the plate was extended, and then to Mrs. Verney, "I'll thank yer, mum, for some more fried 'taters—I'm death on fried 'taters. Take fried 'taters with lots o' gravy on 'em, sich as I've got in the eatin' cellars, and a two cent cup of coffee an' a three cent beefsteak, an' its wittles fit for the Queen of England"—reflecting—"on wash days anyhow. 'Twan't often I'd get mor'n just the fried taters though, the gravy were one cent extra; but sometimes when I'd a streak o' luck, sich as blackin' a gentleman's boots or runnin' an errand, I'd get a shillin' mebbe; then I'd paternize the eatin' cellars like a swell cove, you bet! Most ginerally I had to live on what I could pick up, an' more ginerally I had to live on the recollections of the past, as I heered a play actor say once, unless I played 'dead beat,' which was very dangerous."

"Dead beat! What in the world is that?"

"Why, don't you know what playin' that is? Why yer see when I was hard up for a square meal, sometimes I'd step into a eatin' cellar where they didn't know me very much and order the tallest kind o' wittles. If the waiter axed me for the change in advance, I'd purtend to be very indignant, an' say 'I guessed as how I was able to pay for all I eat, an' what did he mean by 'sultin' a gentleman in that 'ere way?' an' then I walk out in a great rage and try some other eatin' cellar where the waiters warn't so imperdent. When I'd find one, an' arter I'd get done eatin', I'd walk up to the bar feelin' in one pocket an' then in 'tother, an' finally I'd say to the clerk, as how I'd left my pocket-book layin' at home on my dressin' boora."

"And what then?" asked John.

"Then I'd break through the door like two forty, you bet! 'Twant safe though," with a shrug of the shoulders, "took too much dodgin' to keep out the way o' the stars."

"That gave you a chance to study astronomy," said John, laughing.

"I don't know what that 'ere is," doubtfully, "but if dodgin' the p'lice is 'stronomy, why I ain't up to snuff on 'stronomy—oh no!"

"My poor boy, don't you know it is wrong to take that which does not belong to you without paying for it?" asked Mrs. Verney, after a pause.

The boy sat a few moments tapping his plate gently with his fork, when looking up he caught Mrs. Verney's eye fixed upon him with a look so kind and so full of pity, that his lip quivered as he answered,

"Yes, mum, I s'pose it is. I've heered the judge of the p'lice coort say as how it was wrong, an' how I was a wery bad boy as would come to the gallus yet; but, mum, when I see so many boys as has good clothes an' good wittles an' nice homes to go to, while I've no place to go to, an' nobody as keers fur me, an' when I try to earn suthin' honest I'm kicked an' cussed by everybody, an'"—breaking down—"I gits 'desperate sometimes an' don't keer what comes of me."

Here something in John's coffee choked him, and he arose and went toward the fireplace, coughing violently. In a moment, having recovered himself, he asked with a voice which seemed unusually husky, "What is your name?"

"Bob Clavers."

John pulled out a toothpick and stood picking his teeth with his back to the fire.

"Is your father living, Robert?"

"No, sir, he's dead. We came to this 'ere city—that is father, mother and me—about four years ago. Father got work as a porter at a store up town, an' we was in hopes as arter awhile we could save enough to buy some land out West an' live more comfortable like, but one day father was helpin' hist a big box with one o' them 'ere histin' tackle, yer know, which they has to lift things up into the garret—"

"Yes, I understand it," said John.

"Well," continued Bob, "jist as they'd got it about half way up the rope broke, an' down the box fell right on father, strikin' him kinder standin' like. He was carried home. We was waitin' supper for him, an' mother had jist been to the door lookin' for him when they brought him home on a stretcher. I 'member right well how mother cried an' tuk on." Here Bob's voice grew shaky. "I felt mighty queer, too, seemed as though I didn't know what I was doin'. The neighbors was all wery kind, an' did all they could to comfort mother by sayin' 'he'd git over it;' but my eyes! he didn't stand no chance for life no how. I heered one o' the doctors say he'd peg out before mornin', an' so he did. Arter the funeral was over mother said we must 'economize, so we moved into a room down in 'Drunkard's Row,' an' mother tuk in washin' an' sich; an' I earned what I could by sellin' papers, runnin' errands an' sich like jobs as I could git to do. But mother wasn't wery strong, she never seemed to git over father's death, an' takin' that an' hard work together—in about six months arter his death, an' a week or two arter baby was born—she died too, an' baby an' I was left alone. In coorse I had to guv up the room as I couldn't make enough to pay the rent, but a woman who lived next door said as how she'd take keer o' baby, an' I could pay her what I could. I got a steady job o' sellin' papers, and managed along till a few days ago, when the woman as I left baby with died, so I brought her here, as I couldn't take no keer o' her."

"What put it into your head to bring the baby here in the way that you did?" asked Mrs. Verney with curiosity in her tones.

"Why, yer see, arter that woman as had baby died I was in a fix, an' one night as Tim McGinis an' I was at the theatre—Tim, he bought the tickets an' I the peanuts—they played a crackin' tradergy called 'Adeline the Foundlin'.' A big lord, a juke I think they called him."

"A duke?" suggested John.

"He was a rich old cove anyways, an' he had a young wife—my eyes! but she was a stunner, she could dance fit to kill. Well this old juke had a nevvy as was a villain, an' he ups an' tells his uncle, the juke, that the jukess wasn't what she ought to be, an' the little darter Adeline wasn't his; the nevvy wanted to git little Adeline out the way, yer see, so he could git the property. Well, the juke bein' a jealous old swell believes him, an' drives the jukess an' the little gal out o' doors. Arter wanderin' about fur a spell the jukess falls in with a gang o' gipsys an' gits to be their queen, an' stays with 'em for several years. The nevvy gits track o' where the jukess an' Adeline is, an' he hires a ruffin to steal little Adeline an' kill her; but the ruffin bein' up to snuff don't do no sich a thing, but leaves Adeline on the door step of an old woodcutter, an' then tells the nevvy she's done fur. Well, the old juke he gits sick, an' he finds some papers or suthin' as lets him know how the nevvy has been makin' game on him, an' jist about then the old woodcutter comes in with little Adeline, an' the gipsy queen makes her appearance too, jist in time to see the old juke die arter leavin' Adeline everything, while the nevvy hangs himself. I guess when baby grows up she'll be an actress or a circus rider," reflecting—"Which do you think will be the best, mum? She'll be a stunner, won't she?"

Mrs. Verney explained to the boy how hard the life of a circus rider or that of an actress would be, to all of which Bob gave respectful attention, simply saying, "Yes, mum," although it was evident he yet thought that to be an actress or a circus rider was the acme of all human ambition. John, having finished picking his teeth, replaced the tooth pick in his pocket, and then drawing forth a cigar proceeded to light it.

"You have not told us yet," he said, "how you came to leave the baby here?"

"Oh, yes! why, yer see, arter the theatre was out Tim says to me, 'Why, Bob, that's the wery thing fur you to do with baby.' 'Do what?' says I. 'Why put her in a basket in coorse, with a genteel note, yer know, an' leave her on some rich old cove's doorstep, an' mebbe they'll take her in an' 'dopt her, an' gin her an eddication as will fit her fur the stage. Why! a little girl as kin squall like she kin will make her fortin as an opera singer when she grows up, I'll go a tanner on that.' I didn't say nothin' to this, but I thought it was wery good advice, so the next day I takes a squint round at the houses, an' as I was passin' this 'ere one missus comes to the winder an' looks out, an', thinks I, as soon as I seed her—this is the wery place. So that night I takes mother's old clothes basket an' fixes it kinder comfortable like an' puts baby into it, and kivered her over with a blanket; but, thinks I, it won't do to let baby be at the door too long, so I didn't put her there till near mornin'."

"Well then, Mary, it appears that it was to your benevolent countenance that we are indebted for this visit," said John mis-

chievously. "I hope you will not make a practice of looking out on the street in the future, at least without a veil over your face;" and John, who had put on his hat and overcoat, bent over his wife and imprinted a kiss on her cheek. "Good-bye, it is time I was at the store; you may keep these foundlings till I come home in the evening."

"I hopes you'll 'clude to keep baby, sir," said Bob anxiously, as he followed John to the door.

"I'll think about it," was the reply, and the door closed.

And John did think about it; all the way down in the street car his mind was occupied with the question, what was *his* duty? he, comparatively speaking a rich man, in regard to the little wanderers thrown upon his care. Bob's short story had appealed to his feelings with an effect that no appeal ever had before. He thought of the last Sabbath, how in his soft-cushioned pew he had listened coldly, aye indifferently to the urgent appeal of his pastor in behalf of God's poor, and then he shrugged his shoulders with self-contempt at the meagre offering of twenty-five cents which *he* had placed in the contribution basket. How forcibly the concluding words of the sermon came home to his mind, "And oh ye rich ones of the great city! ye to whom God has given so much, and who has made you the stewards of his bounty, ye who live in luxury and wealth, when with a cold rebuff you pass these little homeless, friendless wanderers of your streets, gathering your silks and broadcloths about you, fearful of contamination with their ragged garments, think ye that for all these things God will bring you into judgment? 'Inasmuch as ye did it not to the least of these, my brethren, ye did it not to me.'"

Poor Bob! little you think that as John Verney stepped from the street car to the pavement that it was you who caused him to drop that quarter into the hand of the astonished boy sweeping the crossing, or when he went into his counting-room that it was you who caused him to place that fifty dollar bank note in an envelope and send it to his pastor to be applied to the orphan poor. Oh yes, Bob! you preached a sermon that John Verney listened to all day, for when evening came and he was making preparations to return home, he had fully determined that he would make some provision not only for the baby, for whom Bob had so earnestly plead, but for Bob himself. With this conclusion, John having finished his business, entered the street car once more and soon found himself at his own door. He was met in the hall by Mrs. Verney.

Oh John! I am so glad you are here," she said, "I am afraid that poor little Bob is going to have a sick spell, he has every appearance of it."

"I hope not," said John. "Where is the boy?"

"In the sitting-room, lying down."

John pushed by his wife and walked into the sitting-room, followed by Mrs. Verney. The boy was lying upon the sofa, his face very much flushed, indicating considerable fever. John drew up a chair and seated himself by the sofa, taking one of the hot little hands in his own.

"Why, Bob, you are not going to be sick, are you? What appears to be the matter?"

"I don't know," said Bob wearily, "I feels orful bad all over. I guess I'll be better d'rectly. Has you 'cluded to keep baby, sir?" and the great brown eyes were fixed appealingly upon John.

"Yes, my poor boy, we have concluded to keep baby," John answered, and then whispered to Mrs. Verney to send for a physician. Mrs. Verney bent over and pressed a kiss upon the heated forehead, and stole quietly from the room.

"Well, I'm much obleeged to yer fur yer kindness, and I guess I must be goin' now." Bob tried to raise himself from the sofa.

"No, my boy," said John, pushing him gently back, "lie down again, we have concluded to keep you as well as the baby. Wouldn't you like to stay with us and go to school?"

"What! and have nice clothes like other boys has?"

"Yes," said John.

"An' go to school too? Jiminy! I guess I would." And Bob almost sprang to his feet in the eagerness of his excitement.

"You must lie still, said John; "remember you are sick; the doctor will be here to see you presently."

"Jist as yer thinks best, sir!" and Bob lay back upon the pillow with closed eyes, while a great tear fell down over his cheek.

John looked at him a moment, and then left the room. He found Mrs. Verney in her private sitting-room.

"Well, Mary! I have thought this matter over, and I believe it is our duty to accept the responsibility that God has so plainly placed upon us, in these children."

"I knew you would, John! I knew you would;" was Mrs. Verney's reply. "As we have freely received, so let us freely give. But that boy is going to be pretty sick. I have had a bed prepared in the chamber over the hall, next to ours; and the sooner we get him there the better."

Accordingly Bob was stripped of the old clothes which he had worn, carefully washed, a clean night-robe placed upon him; and then, perhaps for the first time, he found himself between fresh, clean sheets, upon a soft bed, and surrounded with kind and sympathizing friends. The doctor soon made his appearance; and after a thorough examination, pronounced it a probable case of scarlet fever; and alas, for poor Bob, the doctor was right. For many long days did the fever spend its terrible force upon him. The eyes stood out from their sockets, and the little fingers grew long and thin as the days dragged on. Mr. and Mrs. Verney were unremitting in their attention to the poor sufferer, who now knew them not. Sometimes he would spring from the bed, and with clear, shrill voice, shout forth, "'Ere's yer mornin' papers," only to sink back exhausted; and then he would plead piteously for baby against some fancied calamity.

"Poor bye!" Bridget would exclaim, as she wiped her eyes with her apron, "may the Holy Jesus preserve him." And her prayer was answered; for a good constitution, aided by careful nursing, triumphed, and the fever finally broke, leaving Bob extremely weak, but conscious.

"Where am I?" he asked.

"With friends," said Mrs. Verney; "but the doctor says you must be kept quiet."

"Mayn't I see baby?" he asked, at length.

"She might catch the fever, if I should bring her here," was the reply. "You may see her when you get better; now don't talk any more."

Bob obeyed, and soon fell into a sound slumber, from which he awoke much better. From this time his recovery was rapid, until he was able to sit up; and his delight was unbounded when he was allowed to see the baby once more.

One day, as Mrs. Verney was sitting near him, she opened the Bible at the eleventh chapter of Ecclesiastes, and read aloud, "Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days."

"Yes!" said Bob, with considerable interest. "I've heered o' that sayin' before; when mother used to be tolable well, an' tuk in washin' an' such like; there used to be a grand lady as would come 'round once in awhile, in a keerage, to Drunkard's Row—that's where we lived—distribitin' tracts, an' sich literatoor to whoever would take 'em. I mind Tim McGinnis axed her once, if she wouldn't be so obleegin' as to fetch him the 'Pirate's Own Book,' or the 'P'lice Gazette?' My eyes! what a look she guv him; but that isn't what I was goin' to say—once when she come 'round givin' away tracts, an' some o' the poor uns as had nothin' to eat nur wear, said 'they'd rather she'd fetch 'em some wittles an' clothes.' My! but didn't she roll up her peepers, an' says she, "My dooty is fust to give yer the bread o' life—fur I'm told to cast my bread onto the waters, an' I'll find it arter several days.' Thinks I, mabbe there's some charm in doin' that 'ere; so the next day I went to an old fortin-teller, as lives in Pigs Alley, and axed him what good 'twould do? He said 'he didn't know.' But I takes a bull slice o' bread an' butter, my mother had gin me for dinner, an' takes it down to the dock an' pitched it in. About a week arterwards, I went down to the dock again—but I didn't see nothin' of my bread an' butter; an' I don't believe that woman did neither. Mebbe she hove in a bull loaf, though? Do you think she did, mum?"

Mrs. Verney could not help laughing at Bob's idea of the beautiful passage of Scripture, at the same time thinking how much better some people would succeed, if they would attend to the temporal wants of the poor first, and then to the spiritual. She explained to Bob the true meaning of the passage; and day by day continued to instruct him, until he had fully recovered and was able to take his place at school.

And here we will leave him and baby in the care of the Verney household—only adding, that in the long after years, when John Verney's hair was sprinkled with gray, and his eye grew dim, and his natural force abated, as he looked with pleasure upon the stalwart man who now bore the brunt and responsibility of his extensive business, and then upon the beautiful girl who was the pride of the home circle, neither he nor Mrs. Verney ever regretted the day which brought them the foundlings.

☞ Bronzino's celebrated portrait of Dianora Frescobaldi has unquestionably high merit as a work of art; but the high price which it fetched at the late sale of the San Donato collection ($3,000) was in a measure due to the inscription at its foot, which asserts that Dianora was the mother of "at least fifty-two children." She had never less than three at a birth, says the inscription, and we may add that there is a tradition in the Frescobaldi family that she once had six. Brand, in his "History of Newcastle," mentions, as a well-attested fact, that a weaver in Scotland had, by one wife, sixty-two children, all of whom lived to be baptized; and in Aberconway Church may still be seen a monument to the memory of Nicholas Hooker (whom we might term the Injudicious) who was himself a forty-first child, and the father of twenty-seven children by one wife.

☞ A discussion has been going on in England to which certain correspondents of *Nature* have contributed, and which reveals the curious fact that nobody knows or agrees with any one else about how large the moon seems to be. Some gentlemen have been amusing themselves by collecting replies to the question, and they are said to be surprisingly various and conflicting. Many people declare the apparent size of the moon to be that of "a four-penny piece," and a Mr. Thompson writes to the journal we name to say that from one to two feet was assigned to him by those he questioned more frequently than other sizes. The main inference arrived at is that there exists what is called "a personal equation" that determines for each individual the seeming dimensions, respecting which hardly any two individuals can be found to agree.

☞ At one of the recent concerts at the Tuileries, "one of the most beautiful women" of Paris attracted much attention by the Empress conversing with her for some time, and on her returning to her seat all eyes were turned upon her. The lady, accustomed to this homage, thought it was as usual paid to her charms. But suddenly she discovered that one of her beautiful eyebrows, made of felt, had dropped in her lap, and that this it was which attracted so much attention. She fainted, of course, and no doubt will take better care in future of her fixings.

☞ It has been proposed in the British Parliament to make a novel use of the Jews. The water companies refuse to supply water for domestic use on Sundays, on the plea that their servants are church-going people and should not be asked to work on their Sabbath. So the Echo suggests that it will be a good idea to engage Jews to do the work of these pious employees. And a Mr. Stapleton has already made a proposition of that kind in Parliament—whether in earnest or not, we cannot say.

☞ The vicar of Cushendun, county Antrim, communicates the following to Science Gossip:—"The following incident was told me the other day by a resident, who vouches for the truth of it, and which happened close to his residence in Cushendun, county Antrim. A rat, nearly white with age, and blind, was frequently seen led to the water by a young rat, by means of a straw, of which the old rat held one end and the young rat the other. This incident corroborates a similar statement given by Jesse in his "Gleanings of Natural History." Few young men of the day would be so polite to their grandfathers.

☞ Many of the beggars asking for work take themselves away at a double quick pace when employment is offered them, like sawing wood or digging a garden.

☞ A WITHERING REBUKE.—A little Connecticut boy, asking a mate who good Friday was, received the withering reply:—"Well, you go home and read your Robinson Crusoe."

☞ One of the oddest defenses on record has just been made at Hamburg, by a man who had murdered his wife from motives of jealousy. According to his own account, he had not murdered her, but "had killed her in a fair and honorable duel, as he had placed a pistol in her hand and told her to shoot at him."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1870.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the club's may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes and register the letter. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 20 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 30 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

MRS. WOOD'S NEW STORY.

We design commencing in our next paper Mrs. Henry Wood's new story.

It is entitled

BESSY RANE;

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c., &c.

We think our readers will find BESSY RANE as powerfully written and deeply interesting as "George Canterbury's Will."

The commencement of "Bessy Rane" will be an excellent time to commence new subscriptions to THE POST.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

The contributors to the Pennsylvania Hospital have decided by a large majority, that separate clinical instruction shall be provided for the students of the Women's Medical College.

We think that this vexed question has been wisely settled. Clinical instruction, especially in surgery, to classes composed of students of both sexes, seems to us in the words of the resolution, of "questionable expediency." We know that there are those, both men and women, who consider all the obvious objections to such mixed classes as mere squeamishness and prudery; but if we refine away such squeamishness and prudery by a course of abstract reasoning, we shall probably find that no such thing as Delicacy is left in the world.

What is Delicacy, if that feeling be not outraged by mixed clinics, in cases where the most "delicate" operations have to be performed? If there is nothing sacred in the feeling that would forbid such mixed classes on such occasions, then, it seems to us, there is nothing sacred in the feeling at all. It is a mere senseless and baseless scruple—and there is nothing real or worthy of respect in what all refined men and women, and even unrefined men and women, feel alike as an instinct and a sentiment, and, in some cases, almost as a religion.

One of the very strongest arguments, as it always has seemed to us, for the practice of medicine by women, is the preservation of this feeling of Delicacy in certain cases.

It does seem to us that in many cases, and especially in accouchements, ladies should have lady physicians. For the same reason that we object to the giving of medical and surgical instruction to mixed classes of male and female students, we object to male physicians attending lady patients in certain cases. Of course where the scientific aid must be had, and only one kind can be obtained, it would be carrying delicacy into squeamishness to refuse it because embodied either in a man or a woman.

If it could be provided for, female instructors should give clinical instruction to female pupils, with female subjects. And if this cannot be done at once, it is the end, as it seems to us, which should be kept in view.

The great object of having female physicians is to minister to their own sex, especially in the more delicate classes of cases. And we apprehend that they will be successful so far as they thus devote themselves to special branches of the profession.

As to women embarking in the professions, as in the trades, we consider that their own affair. We should no more think of forbidding a woman to be a physician, than a nurse; or, if she desired it and was fitted for it, a blacksmith. There is a great deal of talk about personal freedom in this country, and we think it just as well that there should be a little of the real article. There are many trades and occupations which no woman can follow without injury to the finer qualities of her womanhood, but if she chooses to pay the penalty in the hardening and roughening of her nature—or if straightened circumstances give her no choice—she is her own mistress, and has a right to do as she thinks best.

The suffrage of course is an entirely distinct question. It is none of our business whether a woman becomes a physician or a teacher, a carpenter or a blacksmith. We need not employ her. But when the question is, Shall a vast crowd of women of all kinds and conditions, but almost universally ignorant of political matters—not only the Mrs. Stantons and the Gail Hamiltons and Miss Dickinsons, but the Judys and Bridgets and Chloes and Dinahs, an immense and ignorant multitude, which no man can number—be given the suffrage, to rule over and make laws for us, to decide questions that affect our property and business, and reputation and life,—to say whether for instance we shall have a Tariff or Free Trade, a consolidated Representative Democracy or a State Rights' Diversity in a Federal Unity—this is a question that does concern us, and every other man, and that in the most vital and important manner.

We must look at the question of suffrage by itself—because it involves not only the right of the voter to govern himself or herself, but to govern others. And the practical question in this country is,—not the English question, Shall a small class of intelligent ladies, estimated at one-ninth the number of male voters, be admitted to the suffrage?—but shall a vast mass of unqualified women, even exceeding all the male voting class in number, be added to the already very large proportion of male stupidity and folly.

The common argument foolishly runs,—Why should not a large mass of ignorant women vote, as well as a large mass of ignorant men? The answer is evident, Because the good of the country will not be promoted by increasing the amount of ignorance and unwisdom at the polls. In all this talk about rights, it is forgotten that no man has a natural right as a man to govern another—and that the majority of voters do govern not only themselves, but the minority also. If there be any such natural right to govern others, it must evidently be based upon intelligence and ability; in other words, upon the capacity to govern wisely and well.

The *Daily Press*, of this city, said the other day, "Let the voter vote for no man to whom he could not commit a private trust—the executorship of a will or the charge of an estate." That is well said. But "has not one man as good a right to be elected to office as another?" No—because a man has no natural right, based upon mere manhood, to govern another. An office is a trust. But so is the suffrage. It is an office, a franchise, a trust—because it involves not mere self-government, but the government of others.

Therefore, whether a woman shall be a physician, a nurse, a carpenter or a blacksmith, is a matter that concerns herself—and consequently she has a right to determine it for herself. But when the suffrage is in question, it should be decided upon entirely different principles. The determination of that question concerns not only the small class claiming it, but all the other women, qualified and unqualified, in the country—and not only all the other women, but all the men, who are to prosper by good government, or to suffer by bad government, also.

For our part, we observe two great facts. First, that we have been constantly engaged in widening the basis of the suffrage in this country for the last fifty years. Secondly, that during that time, there has been a constant deterioration in the character and quality of our public men and our legislative bodies. If we could be convinced that these two facts were not connected together like cause and effect, we should be more disposed to look with favor upon extending the suffrage to some three millions of all kinds of women.

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.

The New York female school-teachers have unanimously petitioned, we see it stated, for the restoration of the privilege of using the rod in the schools.

While we have no great admiration for the rattan as a means of discipline, we think it probable that there are certain hard cases and low natures which cannot be brought under rule without it—especially where the teacher is a woman, and the pupils are boys. A man, especially when of a strong character or powerful build, will often be able to keep such boys in subjection by the mere awe that his indignation inspires. But female teachers, with certain gifted exceptions, will generally find a great difficulty in managing boys, either with or without the rod.

For the children of this country, a large proportion of them, are very difficult to manage. A great many parents are neglecting their duties in this respect—and their children are becoming unmitigated bores and common nuisances. We shall have to turn a sharp corner one of these days, if we would not have the worst children—and in course of time the worst men—on the face of the earth. In truth we doubt whether at the present time, a worse set of children can be found in any country, civilized or savage, than can be found in certain portions of our large American cities—a class that have very little reverence or respect for either God or man.

ALCOHOLIC LIQUORS.

A great many people have very decided views as to the effect of wine, whiskey, brandy, &c., on the human system, and yet it is probable that very few really know much upon the subject.

They know of course something as to the effects produced by the liquors that are commonly sold under those names, but what they may think the effect of alcohol, really may be the effect of some vile drug with which the alcoholic liquor is adulterated.

We see it stated that a recent analysis of certain samples of whiskey, gin and port wine, made at Stonington, Connecticut, gave the following results:—

"The whiskey was found to contain sulphuric acid, lead, iron, and fusil-oil. The gin contained sulphuric acid, oil of Juniper, lead, oil of turpentine, sugar and other ingredients; and the port wine oxide of lead, sulphuric acid, and various coloring and astringent drugs."

Now who that is in the habit of drinking such mixtures as the above, compounded of sulphuric acid, lead, oil of turpentine, fusil-oil and other poisonous substances, can say whether or not pure alcoholic liquors would agree with him?

Some years ago the chemist of a large manufacturing company in Massachusetts, manufactured some port wine that a celebrated judge of wines in the place declared to be as good port as he had ever tasted. And yet there was not a drop of wine in the whole compound.

About all that a man can say now-a-days as to the effect of strong liquors upon him, is to say that the articles he has been in the habit of drinking, and which are labeled wine, whiskey, &c., produce certain effects. To say more is generally to speak without any certain degree of knowledge.

THE INCOME TAX.

We see it stated that the entire sum collected under the Income Tax in 1869, was twenty-five millions of dollars—and that the cost of collecting this amount was about six millions.

If this be so, it is probably the latter item of six millions which goes to assessors, collectors, &c., that is the true motive for retaining the law. This is such a nice sum for Congressmen to apportion out among their private friends and devoted supporters in the various districts.

What a difference there is in this world between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee. If our Congressmen were to raise a private fund of six millions to secure their nomination and election in their respective districts, it would be called bribery and corruption, and the country would ring with the shame of it. But if they control the gift of offices which are worth much more than six millions, and distribute them as the rewards of faithful service—done and to be done—to their political friends and supporters, why that is perfectly right and proper.

"'Tis strange what difference there can be,
'Twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee!"

OUR LETTERS.

Mr. S. P. L., of Markanda, Ill., says:—

"We cannot do without THE POST. It is as dear to us as one of the family—in fact it is an institution which no family should be without."

Mr. B. E. B., of Baraboo, Wisconsin, says:

"THE POST is a paper worth twice the subscription price. And no citizen, old or young, can afford to do without it."

J. C., of Wilton, Conn., writes:—

"THE POST has got what might be called the genius of friendship. It is everywhere welcomed as a friend. While some papers seem to have a repelling air, as if facing you and saying, 'Read, we have come to enlighten your ignorance.'"

J. H. T., of Warrenton, Va., writes:—

"We like the paper so much that we are not willing to miss a single number."

C. J. M., Moncuin, Virginia, writes:—

"I am a new subscriber to your paper—but I expect to be a life member."

L. C. N., of Whitesville, Georgia, writes:—

"We take your paper for our families to read—and we can do without any other better than THE POST."

Mrs. M. J. L., of Napa City, California, writes:—

"I can find other very interesting and readable papers—but have subscribed and paid for THE POST for the last twenty years, purely and entirely for self-gratification."

Mrs. L. thinks there is danger of our getting a little too vain—and therefore "draws it mild." But she need not fear—we get enough experiences in the course of the year, to prevent any great danger of that kind.

Mrs. J. R. B., of Peterboro, New York, writes:—

"For some reason my POST of this week has not come to hand, and I feel as if I had nothing to lean against."

John, send that missing POST to Mrs. B. instanter.

Mrs. M. A. I., of Warren, Penna., a subscriber for the last 24 years, sends a club of eight subscribers—proving thus her faith by her works. We think we like the praise that comes in this shape rather better than any other.

REMOVAL.—Mr. W. H. Graves, the courteous Agent of the Berkshire Life Insurance Company, has removed his office to the S. W. corner of Eleventh and Chestnut streets.

A LARGE SEED FARM.

We call the attention of those of our readers who wish garden seeds or tools to the advertisement of *Landreth and Son*. The Landreths have a tract of nearly six hundred acres near Bristol, Penn., which they devote to the raising of seeds. A correspondent of an Agricultural periodical says:—

"On a visit to Philadelphia, during the past autumn, we stopped for a few hours at Bristol, to view the estate at Bloomsdale, the noted Seed Farm of the Landreths. Many years had elapsed since our former visit, within which interval it was evident *progress* had been the emphatic watchword. The buildings had grown to be a village. There were spacious barns, numerous stately structures of uniform architectural design for drying the crops, as gathered haulm and seed; storehouses for the preservation of the products; workshops, so to speak, where the seeds are measured, put into little paper bags, ready labeled, tied into convenient packages, and made ready for wholesale customers—the druggists and storekeepers of the Union. There were portable steam-engines, which admitted of movement from point to point, for threshing and cleaning; mills, for grinding fertilizers and stock food; a blacksmith, carpenter and wheelwright shop; in short, every appliance which might be looked for in an incorporated institution. There were also neat cottages for the workmen, each with its garden of vegetables and flowers; a score or two of mules worth the price of carriage horses; Devon oxen for draught; and thorough-bred Alderney cows for the family dairy. The season was too far advanced on the occasion of our visit to see the crops to advantage—some had been already harvested, others were roots destined for next season's seeding. We, however, spent a few hours riding over the grounds. To convey an idea of their appearance, let the reader imagine a well-planned family garden, laid out in parallel lines, with walks between; across the parallelograms are planted the several kinds of vegetables which go to make up a well-stocked kitchen garden, each in its true proportion, neatly tilled and cared for; imagine, then, this plot of ground, distended and expanded to five hundred acres, without an intervening fence, and he will have a conception of the estate at Bloomsdale."

We may add that the raising of Esculant Vegetable Seeds is with the Messrs. Landreths a specialty—and that they state it to be their "abiding care to preserve the good name their seeds have sustained for more than three-quarters of a century."

MASCULINE MODESTY.—Dr. Agnew, one of the lecturers at the Pennsylvania Hospital, said during the recent discussion, that the male patients objected greatly to exposure before the female students, and that the admission of patients to the Hospital had decreased over one-third since the mixed clinics. While the diminished extent of building operations may have caused a diminution in the number of accidents, doubtless a large proportion of men would object to such exposure. Men differ from women probably, in the greater tendency of the latter to go to extremes. When a woman once passes the limit of what she has hitherto considered modesty—either at the call of vice, or duty, real or supposed—she seems sometimes ready for anything. It is as if the fibre, stretched beyond a certain extent, had totally given way.

Paris Gossip.

THE LADIES' DOCTOR.

I am going to translate a story from one of Mons. Jules Janin's last "Mondays," which I am sure you will reward with a smile:—All beautiful, languishing ladies were fond of calling in Dr. Trousseau (he was once so young and handsome!) who was the true ladies' doctor. They would say to him: "Oh, doctor! I am indeed most pitiable! Listen to me. The merest trifle gives me a cold—the slightest thing fattens me. I daily lose some of my best hair. I detected this very morning on my brow a wrinkle—'tis true, 'twas only one; but, doctor, what can I do? What will become of me?" This was their lamentation. He counseled them as well as he could, and gave them mica-panis pills by the wholesale. Then, if he had time to talk about these strange diseases, he would say: "All these diseases are not as bad as one good fever. What awkward creatures women are! They grease their phiz with all sorts of fabulous cosmetics, they bathe in all sorts of "milks" made of vinegar; they anoint themselves with ridiculous essences. Lais's water, Sultanas' water, Flora's vinegar, and Venus's cream.

GOUT'S THE THING.

"And they have not sense enough to give themselves a little touch of the gout in order to obtain that clear, fresh, charming complexion which neither fresh lavender, nor pale roses, nor nettle-seed crushed with narcissus bulbs could give them. One twitch of gout would be more efficacious to cure their muddy complexion and their jaded body than whale's white or virgin wax, with almond oil and cloportera powder."

THE DOOMED WIFE.

Trousseau had in this connection several admirable stories, and especially the following one, which he was fond of telling his friends in his too rare hours of idleness. One day, when his consultation had ended earlier than usual, a young woman with black but languishing eyes, entered his office. He asked: "What disease have you, or do you think you have?" Thereupon she told him she was just twenty, had a husband who adored her, and whom she loved, and would be of all women the happiest but for—. Trousseau asked: "But for what?" "But for this little finger of my right hand, which began so to swell I could scarcely put on a Swedish glove, and this small foot would enter nothing but large pottines. I was sent to Vichy—I am just from there. My little finger has indeed gone down, my foot can wear my old bottines, but I am no longer myself. Nothing amuses me; I take pleasure in nothing I was active; I am indolent. I was spry; I am sloth itself. I sleep wide-awake, and even slumber in the midst of my dreams. I hear no songs from my heart, which once was full of music. Woe is me, for I feel like a woman of fifty." She wept, she smiled, she glanced furtively into the mirror and on the medical man.

THE DEATH WARRANT.

When at last the physician had thoroughly studied that girlish-woman, he said to her in his most serious and saddest voice: "You should not smile in that way, madam, and treat with levity the strange disease which is evidently undermining your life. Summon all your courage, madam, and listen attentively to me. You have a mortal disease. You will, in less than forty days, be dead and buried." Trousseau said these things so earnestly, with so much courtesy and sadness, that she became downright frightened, and retreated three paces, her hands upon her lovely face. She looked like some marble statue of grief. Her strength had all deserted her—she could not utter a word—in silence she waited for him to speak. He, touched by deep pity, said: "Yes, my poor child, you are menaced by serious danger, and I am very much afraid you may pay dearly for your imprudence. Ungrateful youth! Unjust woman! You had the gout—an anodyne—elegant gout—a slight swelling of the toe, a slight swelling of the little finger, and you used violence by a thousand dangerous artifices to that humble disease. Alas! gout has gone, shamelessly driven off by that Vichy (accursed by Heaven!) and it is concealed in a thousand dark recesses of your body, and goes here and there, from head to heart, from heart to breast, up and down, the sport of a thousand caprices. It has abandoned the spot where all men could see it, and has become jealous and angry. As much as it was recently your good friend and faithful counsellor, so much is it now hostile and menacing to you. It avenges itself; it chastises you. Therefore, madam, no alternative remains except this—gout or death! Gout must reappear in a fortnight or you must die in a month."

THROWING PHYSIC TO DOGS.

She trembled less at these words, yet she was still extremely sad. She asked: "Ah! Doctor, but what can I do to call back the gout I so stupidly drove away?" Trousseau answered—and never was physician's prescription listened to, obeyed, followed with more scrupulous fidelity—"Madam, you must, in the first place, dress well, spare not ribbons, laces, the richest dresses, jewels, pearls, perfumes, diamonds. In fine, you must make yourself most beautiful, that you may be loved, admired, followed. You must sleep late in the morning, coddle yourself in bed, doze softly after waking, and when at last you get up, take a tepid bath with marsh-mallow, fennel and benzoin in the water. While you are in the bath take a good meat soup, and then, when you are well dressed, order a good breakfast, *videlicet* oysters to begin with, a red partridge, a furze railbird, and a wine-glass of Chambertin, which you will eat slowly, enjoying each morsel. For dinner you will order beef fillet, truffled turkey, mountain mutton, and Southern capons. Are you fond of sweet things? Eat as much of them as you please. It is no harsh doom. Madam, to be a pretty *gourmet*, of all passions women have there is none more innocent than love of good living. Is there a more enchanting sight than to see a pretty woman coquetting with larks, crayfishes, and peaches, while champagne sparkles in a glass with a thousand facettes. Therefore, indulge fondness for good living; let your eyes gleam, your lip be ruby, and the flower of *embonpoint* and health bloom on each cheek. Don't forget to have a luxurious carriage, well hung on the most elastic springs, a skillful, careful driver, and horses which step with regularity. Never walk, oh, dear no! And shun as you would fire, rain, snow, wind, and cold. Go often to the opera and the theatre, to every party and to all the balls; dance, waltz, listen to soft nonsense whispered in your ear; don't forbid young men kneeling at your feet to tell how they love; read the love letters sent you and reply to some of them. You will find a masked ball most propitious to health, especially if it be extremely crowded, and you feel embarrassed to whom you should reply when you hear: "O! pretty mask! listen to me!"

THE REPRIEVE.

She was so docile to Trousseau's prescription, and she added to it of her own accord (she was so desirous of recovering health!) so many thousand pleasures, gay dinners, love letters, songs, merry suppers, she was so well dressed, she danced so gallantly, and with so light fantastic a toe, so many new dances, that one day, just as Trousseau was despairing of saving her—look! look! There was a favorable swelling on her little finger! Trousseau exclaimed: "What good fortune! You will live a hundred years, Madam; your little finger tells me so!"—*Boston Gazette.*

☞ Our friend Guzzler, whose eyesight is failing him, was recommended to try glasses for its improvement. He says he went and took five or six directly, and the result was that his eyesight was so improved he could actually see double!

☞ The largest shoes made for women in this country go to Utah, and the smallest to Havana.

☞ Killing Indians in Iowa is considered justifiable Sioux-icide.

☞ Mrs. McFarland Richardson contemplates gaining her future livelihood by lecturing.

☞ The Photographic News attributes the dearness of eggs to the fact that four millions are annually employed by photographers in Europe and one million in the United States.

☞ A rosy-cheeked damsel in Lansingburg, New York, daily leads a sleek-looking cow from house to house, and supplies her customers with milk drawn fresh and sweet and pure.

☞ The Newcastle Daily Chronicle says that Mr. Jefferson Davis is writing a novel, which he will complete before the year is out. It relates to the Mexican war—is not to touch on recent politics, and will be published first in England.

☞ "Well, Alice, how's your brother Ike getting along?"

"Oh, first-rate; he's got a good start in the world—married a widow who has seven children."

☞ The clerks in the committe rooms at Washington were astonished the other day by the entrance of a stranger who left in each room a copy of the Bible—a book which they seemed to regard with much curiosity. It probably came from the Society for propagating the Gospel among the Heathen. It is supposed that a black line, to attract attention, was drawn around the command "Thou shalt not Steal."

☞ The Chinese, whose agricultural history is about the oldest in the world, do not set a very high value on barn-yard manure, but have a law prohibiting the waste of night-soil, urine and all refuse which can be converted into a concentrated manure.

☞ Hahnemann, the founder of the homœopathic school, was a jocose being. When consulted by a wealthy English lord, he listed patiently: then took out a small vial, opened it, and held it under his lordship's nose. "Smell! Well, you are cured!" The lord asked, "Your fee?" "Thousand francs." The lord pulled out a bank note, held it under the Doctor's nose, and said, "Smell! Well, you are paid!"

☞ Boston's "Milk Inspector" says the milk sold there is "thin but healthy."

☞ At Lawrence, Kansas, a few Sundays ago, while a minister was holding forth in the church, a crowd got up a cock-fight in the yard. The people who had congregated in the church went out to put a stop to the fight, but waited till the fight was over before objecting. The minister looked out of the window at the crowd, and said: "We are all miserable sinners—which whipped?"

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—About 11,000 bbls sold in lots at prices ranging from $4,50@5 for superfine; $4,75@5,25 for extra; $5,25@6 for Northwest extra family; $5,75@6,50 for Pennsylvania extra family; $6@6,50 for Ohio and Indiana family, and $7@8,25 ₩ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour—400 bbls sold at $5,25.

GRAIN—2000 bus of Western red sold at $1,31@1,35; 3000 bus of Penna red at $1,35@1,40; 5000 bus of Delaware red at $1,40@1,45, and 4000 bus of white at $1,45@1,55 ₩ bus. Rye—200 bus sold at $1,03@1,10 for Western and Penna. Corn—About 35,000 bus of Penna and Delaware yellow sold at $1,10@1,12, closing at $1,12; 5000 bus of white at $1,06@1,09; 15,000 bus of inferior Western at $1,06@1,08, and 10,000 bus of prime Western at $1,10.

PROVISIONS—Sales of 500 bbls new Mess Pork at $29,50@30,25; Mess Beef at $21@22 ₩ bbl for city packed extra family. Beef Hams are quoted at $32@33 ₩ bbl. Bacon; sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 19@20c; Excelsior Hams at 20c; Sides at 16½@17½c, and Shoulders at 15½@14c. Green Meats; sales of 400 tcs pickled Hams at 16½@17c, and Shoulders in salt at 12@12½c. Lard; sales of 600 bbls and tcs at 16½@17c for steam and kettle rendered; kegs 18c. Butter; sales of good roll at 25@32c; very choice do at 35c; choice New York tub at 40@42c. Cheese; sales at 12@16½c. Eggs sell at 16@18c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—600 bales Middlings sold at 22½@22¾c for Uplands, and 23½@24½c ₩ ℔ for New Orleans. Closing at 22½@23½c ₩ ℔.

BARK—No 1 Quercitron is quoted at $27 ₩ ton.

FEATHERS—There is a steady demand for Prime Western at 78@82c ₩ ℔.

FRUIT—Green Apples are scarce, and sell at $5@6 for Western and New York. In Dried Peaches and Apples there is very little doing; sales of Apples at 5½@6c, and Peaches at 7@8c for quarters, 8½@9c for halves, and 17@20c for pared. Blackberries, at 12½@13c.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay, ₩ 100 ℔s, $1,50@1,60; Mixed do $1,25@1,40; Straw $1,25@1,40.

HOPS—Sales of New York at 12@25c, and Wisconsin at 15@22c ₩ ℔.

IRON—In Pig Iron there is less doing; sales of foundry at $29@32 for No. 1; and $31 ₩ ton for No. 2. Bar Iron is quoted at $77@77 ton.

SEEDS—Clover-seed—Sales of 500 bus at $8,25@8,50. 200 bus of Timothy sold at $6,75@7. Flaxseed sells slowly at $2,25 ₩ bus.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1400 head. The prices realized from 12@13½ cts ₩ ℔. 150 Cows brought from $40 to 60 ₩ head. Sheep—3000 head were disposed of at from 7@9c ₩ ℔. 2500 Hogs sold at from $12,00 to 13,00 ₩ 100 ℔s.

Any person desiring work as agent, by addressing at once E. THORNTON, Hoboken, N. J., will learn of something that will net them from $18 to $30 a week. mar26-2m

☞ Messrs. WANAMAKER & BROWN, of this city, claim to have the largest clothing house in America. Even New York, they say, cannot boast of an establishment like Oak Hall. We have purchased clothing there repeatedly, and been well suited as to cut and price. ap30-tf

Colds and Coughs.—Sudden changes of climate are sources of pulmonary and bronchial affections. Experience having proved that simple remedies act speedily when taken in the early stage of disease, take at once "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," for the cold, cough, or irritation of the throat be ever so slight, as by this precaution a more serious attack may be warded off.

Owing to the good reputation and popularity of the Troches, many worthless and cheap imitations are offered, which are good for nothing. Be sure to obtain the true "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*." Sold everywhere.

The Universal Clothes Wringer.—It gives us pleasure to call special attention to the "Universal Clothes Wringer." We have had it fairly tested, and therefore are able to speak of it with confidence, as an article of real and substantial merit, which only needs to be known to become what its name imports "Universal" in its use, and in the approval with which it shall be received.—*New York Christian Advocate.*

Interesting to Ladies.

"I purchased a Grover & Baker Machine some twelve years since, and it has never been out of order in any way, but has proved very serviceable in my family. I do not know how I could do without it.—*Mrs. John Denison, Winthrop, Conn.*

Skin Diseases.—A Cure Guaranteed.

"Swayne's Ointment" }
"Swayne's Ointment" } CURES ITCH, TETTER!
"Swayne's Ointment" }
"Swayne's Ointment" } RING WORM, SALT RHEUM!
"Swayne's Ointment" } BLOTCHES, ITCHING PILES,
"Swayne's Ointment" } &c!

Sold by dealers everywhere. Price 50 cents a box. Sent by mail, to any address for 60 cents, postage paid. Letters asking advice, will be promptly and gratuitously answered. Address DR. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North 8th st., Philadelphia. my14 eowtf

Ladies desire what men admire. And this little thing is Beauty. What do we say is beautiful? A transparent complexion and a luxuriant head of hair. What will produce these? Hagan's Magnolia Balm will make any lady of thirty appear but twenty, and Lyon's Kathairon will keep every hair in its place, and make it grow like the April grass. It prevents the hair from turning gray, eradicates dandruff, and is the finest hair dressing in the world, and at only half ordinary cost. If you want to get rid of sallowness, pimples, ring-marks, moth-patches, etc., don't forget the Magnolia Balm, ladies. my7-1m

Important Notice.—*All Soldiers and Sailors* who have lost an *arm* or *leg* in the service—or since on account of wounds or injuries—will find it to their advantage to call at or address General Collection Agency, No. 125 South Seventh st., Philadelphia. ROBERT S. LEAGUE & Co., sep4-1y

For Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan use "PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION." The only reliable and harmless remedy known to science for removing brown discolorations from the face. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by druggists everywhere. ap2-1m

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP

One Pound of Crampton's Imperial Laundry Soap will make twelve quarts of Handsome Soft Soap. Ask your Grocer for it and Try it. CRAMPTON BROTHERS, 84 Front St., New York.

PIMPLES ON THE FACE.

For Comedones, Black-worms or Grubs, Pimply Eruptions and Blotched disfigurations on the Face, use Perry's Comedone and Pimple Remedy. It contains no LEAD POISON. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Send for Circular. ap16-2m

BEAUTY! BEAUTY!!

Strong, Pure, and Rich Blood, Increase of Flesh and Weight, Clean Skin, and Beautiful Complexion Secured to all through Dr.

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

Every drop of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent communicates through the Blood, Sweat, and other fluids and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular Disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands, and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumorous discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, and all Weakening and Painful Discharges, Night Sweats, and all wastes of the Life Principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them. If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood, and this the Sarsaparillian will and does secure, a cure is certain; for, when once this remedy commences its work of purification, and succeeds in diminishing the loss of waste, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all known remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional, and Skin diseases, but it is the only positive cure for Kidney, Bladder, Urinary, and Womb diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substance like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid dark, bilious appearance, and white bone dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back along the loins. In all these conditions Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent aided by the application of Radway's Ready Relief to the spine and small of the back, and the bowels regulated with one or two of Radway's Regulating Pills per day, will soon make a complete cure. In a few days, the patient will be enabled to hold and discharge his water naturally without pain, and the Urine will be restored to its natural clear, and amber or sherry color.

Price one dollar per bottle. Sold by druggists everywhere. feb 19-1f

Shaking and Burning.

It is not necessary to journey from the tropics to Alaska in order to experience the extremes of heat and cold. Thousands undergo all the inconveniences of this thermometrical change every day, or every other day, as the case may be, without the trouble of moving over the threshold. A word with these involuntary shakers. What are they doing to expedite their return to a medium temperature?—to break the chills and banish the fever. Are they dosing themselves with quinine, thereby imperiling the soundness of their bones and impairing the vigor of their brains and nervous system? Some of them are, no doubt, but not the majority of them, it is believed. The value of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS as a harmless and certain specific for fever and ague is understood and appreciated in all parts of the country where intermittents prevail. The residents of such localities begin to take it early in the spring as a protection against the miasma by which they are surrounded; not all of them, perhaps, for a blind adherence to error is the specialty of some people, but the greater number.

If there is any fixed fact in therapeutics, it is this; that the Bitters are a far better safeguard against all the varieties of periodic maladies produced by unwholesome exhalations than any drug or compound in the materia medica of the profession. This assertion is made with all due respect to the faculty, but being an important truth, and one that nearly concerns the health of large settlements in various parts of the country, and indeed of the public at large, it is made fearlessly. Founded on ample and unimpeachable testimony, it defies disproval.

To break up chills and fevers, as well as to prevent them, there is nothing so reliable as this wholesome vegetable restorative. my7-1m

"To Owners of Horses and Cattle."

Tobias' Derby Condition Powders are warranted superior to any others, or no pay, for the cure of distemper, worms, bots, rough-, hide-bound, colds, &c., in horses, and colds, coughs, loss of milk, black-tongue, horn distemper, &c., in cattle. These "Powders" were formerly put up by Simpson I. Tobias, son of Dr. Tobias, and since his death the demand has been so great that Dr. Tobias has continued to manufacture them. They are perfectly safe and innocent; no need of stopping the working of your animals. They increase the appetite, give a fine coat, cleanse the stomach and urinary organs, and increase the milk of cows. Try them, and you will never be without them. Col. Philo P. Bush, of the "Jerome Park Race Course," Fordham, N. Y., would not use them until he was told of what they were composed, since which time he is never without them. He has over twenty running horses in his charge, and for the last three years has used no other medicine for them.

Sold by druggists and storekeepers throughout the United States. Price, 25 cents per box. Depot, 16 Park Place, New York. my7-1m

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 20th of April, by the Rev. Wm. Catheart, Mr. GEORGE BURGHARD to Miss AMELIA HILL, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Andw. Manship, Mr. CHARLES HELMICH to Miss MARY BOWERS, both of this city.

On the 25th of April, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. WILLIAM T. CALLAHAN to Miss ANNIE ROBINSON, both of this city.

On the 20th of April, by the Rev. J. S. Kennard, Mr. WILLIAM H. JONES to Miss LIZZIE S. RAMSEY, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. W. N. Ridgway, Mr. GEORGE P. WILSON to Miss MINNIE A. KOLLOCK, both of this city.

On the 26th of April by the Rev. Wm. T. Eva, Mr. JOHN WARSTLER to Miss SALLIE MOFFITT, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 4th instant, Mr. JACOB KEEN, in his 84th year.

On the 3d instant, GEORGE KENNEDY, in his 41st year.

On the 2d instant, Mr. JAMES GORMAN, in his 87th year.

On the 3d instant, NATHAN HEPBURN, in his 41st year.

On the 3d instant, ORLANDO SNYDER, in his 61st year.

On the 1st instant, Mr. LEONARD KESSLER, in his 61st year.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. DEBORAH DERRICKSON, aged 70 years.

On the 30th of April, JAMES WALLACE, in his 42th year.

On the 10th of April, Mr. GEORGE BROWN, in his 42th year.

FITS! FITS! FITS
FITS! FITS! FITS!

Cure of Epilepsy or Falling Fits

BY HANCE'S EPILEPTIC PILLS.

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find *Hance's Epileptic Pills* to be the only remedy ever discovered for curing Epilepsy or Falling Fits.

The following certificates should be read by all the afflicted; they are in every respect true, and should they be read by any one who is not afflicted himself, if he has a friend who is a sufferer, he will do a humane act by cutting this out and sending it to him.

A MOST REMARKABLE CURE.

PHILADELPHIA, October 10, 1867.
To SETH S. HANCE, Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir—Seeing your advertisement, I was induced to try your Epileptic Pills. I was attacked with Epilepsy in July, 1862. Immediately my family physician was summoned, but he could give me no relief from the medicines he prescribed. I then consulted another physician, but I seemed to grow worse. I then tried the treatment of another, but without any good effect. I again returned to my family physician, was cupped and bled at several different times. I was generally attacked without any premonitory symptoms. I had from two to five fits a day, at intervals of two weeks. I was often attacked in my sleep, and would fall wherever I would be or whatever be occupied with, and I was severely injured several times from the falls. I was affected so much that I lost all confidence in myself. I also was affected in my business, and I consider that your Epileptic Pills cured me. In February, 1865, I commenced to use your Pills. I only had two attacks afterward. The last one was on the 5th of April, 1865, and they were of a less serious character. With the blessing of Providence, your medicine was made the instrument by which I was cured of that distressing affliction. I think that the Pills and their good effects should be made known everywhere, that persons who are similarly affected may have the benefit of them. Any person wishing further information can obtain it by calling at my residence, No. 826 North Third street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WILLIAM ELDER.

CURE OF A CHILD.

SARDIS, PANOLA Co., MISS., Oct. 20, 1869.
SETH S. HANCE, Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir—As a matter of justice and gratitude to you, I desire, unasked, to state the following facts. My eldest son, Fred, was taken with spasms, or Epileptic Fits, in the summer of 1865, and continued to be afflicted with them to a most distressing extent, until both myself and the physicians attending him feared he would never be relieved. I was advised by Major Guy, of Grenaday, of your Pills, and ordered two boxes. This I think was last winter. Since receiving them, Fred has had but one slight spasm, where he used to have them twice or more, sometimes five times monthly. When the supply gave out I ordered more, and he has used them all, and is now, by permission of my family physician at school, which he was forbidden to attend before, and I sincerely hope entirely cured. I will add that before sending for them, I heard upon inquiry of several instances in which they had been successfully used. You are at liberty to use this as you think proper, for the virtue of the Pills should be universally known. Very resp'y, J. F. SIMMONS.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE CURE OF EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS

By Hance's Epileptic Pills.

MONTGOMERY, TEXAS, June 20, 1867.

To SETH S. HANCE—A person in my employ had been afflicted with Fits or Epilepsy for thirteen years; he had these attacks at intervals from two to four weeks, and oftentimes several in quick succession, sometimes continuing for two or three days. On several occasions they continued until his mind appeared totally deranged, in which condition he would continue for a day or two after the fits had ceased. I tried several remedies prescribed by our resident physicians, but without any success. Having seen your advertisement in the Philadelphia *Courier*, I concluded I would try your remedy. I obtained two boxes of your Pills, and gave them according to directions, and they effected a permanent cure. The person is now a stout, healthy man, and is about thirty years of age, and has not had a fit since he commenced taking your medicine, which was ten years since. He was my principal wagoner, and has, since that time, been exposed to the severest of weather. I have great confidence in your remedy, and would like every one who has fits to give it a trial. B. L. DE FREESE.

CAN EPILEPSY BE CURED?

We think the following from a respectable citizen of Mississippi will answer the question, and remove all doubts from every unbiassed mind;

GRENADA, MISS., June 5 1865
SETH S. HANCE, Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir—I take great pleasure in relating a case of spasms or fits, cured by your invaluable Pills. My brother, J. J. Ligon, has long been afflicted with this awful disease. He was first attacked while quite young. He would have one or two spasms at one attack at first; but as he grew older, they seemed to increase likewise. Up to that time he commenced taking your Pills, he had them very often and quite severe, prostrating him body and mind. His mind had suffered seriously; but now, I am happy to say, he is cured of those fits. He has enjoyed fine health for the last five months past. His mind has also returned to its original rightfulness. All this I take great pleasure in communicating, as it may be the means of directing others to the remedy that will cure them. Yours respectfully, &c., W. P. LIGON.

IS THERE A CURE FOR EPILEPSY?

The Subjoined Will Answer.

GRENADA, MISS., June 20.

SETH S. HANCE—Dear Sir—You will find enclosed five dollars, which I send you for two boxes of your Epileptic Pills.

I was the first person who tried your Pills in this part of the country. My son was badly afflicted with fits for two years. I wrote and received two boxes of your Pills, which he took agreeably to your directions. *He has never had a fit since.*

It was through my persuasion that Mr. Lyon tried your Pills. His case was a very bad one; he had fits nearly all his life, or at least a good many years. Persons have written to me from Alabama and Tennessee on the subject, for the purpose of ascertaining my opinion in regard to your Pills. I have always recommended them, and in no instance where I have had a chance of hearing from their effect have they failed to cure. Yours, &c., C. H. GUY.
Grenada, Yalabusha county, Miss.

A VOICE FROM VIRGINIA.

CABIN POINT, Surry County, Va.

DR. SETH S. HANCE:—I was in Baltimore in April, 1864, and from a paper I received of yours was induced to buy a box of your Pills, recommended as a sovereign cure for the Epileptic Fits. At that time one of my servants had been afflicted with fits about twelve years. When reaching home, I commenced with the Pills according to directions. I do not think she has had one since. My wife, though, is somewhat induced to believe she may have had one only. Enclosed you will find five dollars, for which you will please forward them by mail. Your compliance will oblige me. Yours, respectfully,
M. P. SLEDGE.

THE TRIUMPH COMPLETE.

DURANT'S NECK, Perquimans Co., N. C., Oct. 1st.

S. S. HANCE—Dear Sir:—Having been afflicted with falling fits for some years past, I determined to give your Pills a trial, (advertisement of which I saw in some of the papers,) and continued to use them for some months, until I was entirely cured. I believe them to be a first-rate article; and since I have used them I have not had one attack, and am now in the enjoyment of good health. I am, very respectfully, yours, &c., JONATHAN J. JACOBS.

P. S.—The Pills were recommended to me by Mr. Nathan Newby, of this county, to whose address you sent them.

Sent to any part of the country, by mail, free of postage, on receipt of a remittance. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md. Price, one box, $2; two, $5; twelve, $17. feb19-1yr

PROSPECTUS.

Easy Way to Get a Sewing Machine.

We announce the following Novelets as already engaged for publication:—

Under a Ban.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, Author of "Out Adrift," "The Debarry Fortune," &c., &c.

Leonie's Mystery.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Dora Castell," &c.

Bessy Rane.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c.

A Novelet

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Reefs," &c.

Who Told?

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Failing," &c.

Besides our Novelets by Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hosmer, Miss Prescott, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

The Gems of the English Magazines.

And also NEWS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT and HUMOR, RIDDLES, RECEIPTS, &c.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

A large Premium Engraving is given to every full ($2.50) subscriber.

☞ **Grover & Baker's Sewing Machines given as a Premium for 30 subscribers and $75.00, or 20 subscribers and $60.00.**

See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

WATCHING FOR THE PRODIGAL.

He will come home
In the rush and roar of rain
With a cry of pleading pain,
And cling to me again,
As of old, as of old.
In the dying of the day,
When the sun's last rosy ray
Has faded from the chestnuts by the gate,
He will come along the road,
Underneath the branches broad
Of the old elms where his father used to wait;
And my heart will open wide,
As he nestles to my side,
And murmers "mother" softly in the old sweet tone.

O, I know that he will come
To his open, waiting home,
That is looking for him always while he's gone;
And the nights will shorten then,
And the days grow long again,
And I shall know a happiness that for years I have not known.

THE FACTS IN THE CASE OF

THE GREAT BEEF CONTRACT.

BY MARK TWAIN.

In as few words as possible I wish to lay before the nation what share, howsoever small, I have had in this matter—this matter which has so exercised the public mind, engendered so much ill-feeling, and so filled the newspapers of both continents with distorted statements and extravagant comments.

The origin of this distressful thing was this—and I assert here that every fact in the following *resume* can be amply proved by the official records of the General Government.

John Wilson Mackenzie, of Rotterdam, Chemung County, New Jersey, deceased, contracted with the General Government, on or about the 10th day of October, 1861, to furnish to General Sherman the sum total of thirty barrels of beef. Very well. He started after Sherman with the beef, but when he got to Washington Sherman had gone to Manassas; so he took the beef and followed him there, but arrived to late; he followed him to Nashville, and from Nashville to Chattanooga, and from Chattanooga to Atlanta—but he never could overtake him. At Atlanta he took a fresh start and followed him clear through his march to the sea. He arrived too late again by a few days, but hearing that Sherman was going out in the Quaker City excursion to the Holy Land, he took shipping for Beirut, calculating to head off the other vessel. When he arrived in Jerusalem with his beef, he learned that Sherman had not sailed in the Quaker City, but had gone to the Plains to fight the Indians. He returned to America and started for the Rocky Mountains. After eighteen days of arduous travel on the Plains, and when he had got within four miles of Sherman's headquarters, he was tomahawked and scalped, and the Indians got the beef. They got all of it but one barrel. Sherman's army captured that, and so, even in death, the bold navigator partly fulfilled his contract. In his will, which he had kept like a journal, he bequeathed the contract to his son Bartholomew W. Bartholomew W. made out the following bill and then died:—

THE UNITED STATES
In acct with John Wilson Mackenzie, of New Jersey, deceased. Dr.

To thirty barrels of beef for General Sherman, *a* $100,	$3,000
To travelling expenses and transportation,	14,000
Total,	$17,000
Rec'd Pay't.	

He died then: but he left the contract to Wm. J. Martin, who tried to collect it, but died before he got through. *He* left it to Barker J. Allen, and he tried to collect it also. He did not survive. Barker J. Allen left it to Anson G. Rogers, who attempted to collect it, and got along as far as the Ninth Auditor's office, when Death, the great Leveller, came all unsummoned, and foreclosed on *him* also. He left the bill to a relative of his in Connecticut, Vengeance Hopkins by name, who lasted four weeks and two days, and made the best time on record, coming within one of reaching the Twelfth Auditor. In his will he gave the contract bill to his uncle, by the name of O-be-joyful Johnson. It was too undermining for Joyful. His last words were: "Weep not for me—*I* am willing to go." And so he was, poor soul. Seven people inherited the contract after that. But they all died. So it came into my hands at last. It fell to me through a relative by the name of Hubbard—Bethlehem Hubbard, of Indiana. He had had a grudge against me for a long time; but in his last moments he sent for me, and forgave me everything, and weeping gave me the beef contract.

This ends the history of it up to the time that I succeeded to the property. I will now endeavor to set myself straight before the nation in everything that concerns my share in the matter. I took this beef contract, and the bill for mileage and transportation, to the President of the United States. He said—

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?" I said—

"Sire: On or about the 10th day of October, 1861, John Wilson Mackenzie, of Rotterdam, Chemung County, New Jersey, deceased, contracted with the General Government to furnish to General Sherman the sum total of thirty barrels of beef—"

He stopped me there, and dismissed me from his presence—kindly, but firmly. The next day I called on the Secretary of State. He said—

"Well, sir?"

I said: "Your Royal Highness: On or about the 10th day of October, 1861, John Wilson Mackenzie, of Rotterdam, Chemung County, New Jersey, deceased, contracted with the General Government to furnish to General Sherman the sum total of thirty barrels of beef—"

"That will do, sir—that will do; this office has nothing to do with contracts for beef."

I was bowed out. I thought the matter all over, and finally, the following day, I visited the Secretary of the Navy, who said, "Speak quickly, sir; do not keep me waiting." I said—

"Your Royal Highness: On or about the 10th day of October, 1861, John Wilson Mackenzie, of Rotterdam, Chemung County, New Jersey, deceased, contracted with the General Government to furnish to General Sherman the sum total of thirty barrels of beef—"

Well, it was as far as I could get. *He* had nothing to do with beef contracts for General Sherman either. I began to think it was a curious kind of a Government. It looked somewhat as if they wanted to get out of paying for that beef. The following day I went to the Secretary of the Interior. I said—

"Your Imperial Highness: On or about the 10th day of October—"

"That is sufficient, sir—I have heard of you before. Go—take your infamous beef contract out of this establishment. The Interior Department has nothing whatever to do with subsistence for the army."

I went away. But I was exasperated now. I said I would haunt them; I would infest every department of this iniquitous Government till that contract business was settled; I would collect that bill, or fall as fell my predecessors, trying. I assailed the Postmaster-General; I besieged the Agricultural Department; I waylaid the Speaker of the House of Representatives. *They* had nothing to do with army contracts for beef. I moved upon the Commissioner of the Patent Office. I said—

"Your august Excellency. On or about—"

"Perdition! have you got *here* with your incendiary beef contract, at last? We have *nothing* to do with beef contracts for the army, my dear sir."

"O, that is all very well—but *somebody* has got to pay for that beef. It has got to be paid *now*, too, or I'll confiscate this old Patent Office, and everything in it."

"But, my dear sir—"

"It don't make any difference, sir. The Patent Office is liable for that beef, I reckon; and liable or not liable, the Patent Office has got to pay for it."

Never mind the details. It ended in a fight. The Patent Office won. But I found out something to my advantage. I was told that the Treasury Department was the proper place for me to go. I went there. I waited two hours and a half, and then I was admitted to the First Lord of the Treasury. I said—

"Most noble, grave and reverend Signor: On or about the 10th day of October, 1861, John Wilson Macken—"

"That is sufficient, sir. I have heard of you. Go to the First Auditor of the Treasury."

I did so. He sent me to the Second Auditor. The Second Auditor sent me to the Third and the Third sent me to the First Comptroller of the Corn-beef Division. This began to look like business. He examined his books and all his loose papers, but found no minute of the beef contract. I went to the Second Comptroller of the Corn-beef Division. He examined his books and his loose papers, but with no success. I was encouraged. During that week I got as far as the Sixth Comptroller in that division; the next week I got through the Claims Department; the third week I began and completed the Mislaid Contracts Department, and got a foothold in the Dead Reckoning Department. There was only one place left for it now. I laid siege to the Commissioner of Odds and Ends. To his clerk, rather—he was not there himself. There were sixteen beautiful young ladies in the room, writing in books, and there were seven well-favored young clerks showing them how. The young women smiled up over their shoulders, and the clerks smiled back at them, and all went merry as a marriage bell. Two or three clerks that were reading the newspapers looked at me rather hard, but went on reading, and nobody said anything. However I had been used to this kind of alacrity from Fourth-Assistant-Junior Clerks all through my eventful career, from the very day I entered the office of the Corn-Beef Bureau clear till I passed out of the last one in the Dead Reckoning Division. I had got so accomplished by this time that I could stand on one foot from the moment I entered an office till a clerk spoke to me, without changing more than two, or maybe three times.

So I stood there till I had changed four different times. Then I said to one of the clerks who was reading—

"Illustrious Vagrant, where is the Grand Turk?"

"What do you mean, sir? whom do you mean? If you mean the Chief of the Bureau, he is out."

"Will he visit the harem to-day?"

The young man glared upon me awhile, and then went on reading his paper. But I knew the ways of those clerks. I knew I was safe, if he got through before another New York mail arrived. He only had two more papers left. After awhile he finished them, and then yawned, and asked me what I wanted.

"Renowned and honored Imbecile: On or about—"

"You are the beef contract man. Give me your papers."

He took them, and for a long time he ransacked his odds and ends. Finally he found the North-West Passage, as I regarded it—he found the long-lost record of that beef contract—he found the rock upon which so many of my ancestors had split before they ever got to it. I was deeply moved. And yet I rejoiced—for I had survived. I said with emotion, "Give it me. The Government will settle now." He waved me back, and said there was something yet to be done first.

"Where is this John Wilson Mackenzie?" said he.

"Dead."

"When did he die?"

"He didn't die at all—he was killed."

"How?"

"Tomahawked."

"Who tomahawked him?"

"Why, an Indian, of course. You didn't suppose it was a superintendent of a Sunday-school, did you?"

"No. An Indian, was it.?"

"The same."

"Name of the Indian?"

"His name! I don't know his name."

"*Must* have his name. Who saw the tomahawking done?"

"I don't know."

"You were not present yourself, then?"

"Which you can see by my hair. I was absent."

"Then how do you know that Mackenzie is dead?"

"Because he certainly died at that time, and I have every reason to believe that he has been dead ever since. I *know* he has, in fact."

"We must have proofs. Have you got the Indian?"

"Of course not."

"Well, you must get him. Have you got the tomahawk?"

"I never thought of such a thing."

"You must get the tomahawk. You must produce the Indian and the tomahawk. If Mackenzie's death can be proven by these, you can then go before the commission appointed to audit claims, with some show of getting your bill under such headway that your children may possibly live to receive the money and enjoy it. But that man's death *must* be proven. However, I may as well tell you that the Government will never pay that transportation and those travelling expenses of the lamented Mackenzie. It *may* possibly pay for the barrel of beef that Sherman's soldiers captured, if you can get a relief bill through Congress making an appropriation for that purpose; but it will not pay for the twenty-nine barrels the Indians ate."

"Then there is only a hundred dollars due me, and *that* isn't certain! After all Mackenzie's travels in Europe, Asia and America with that beef; after all his trials and tribulations and transportation; after the slaughter of all those innocents that tried to collect that bill! Young man, why didn't the First Comptroller of the Corn-Beef Division tell me this?"

"He didn't know any thing about the genuineness of your claim."

"Why didn't the Second tell me? Why didn't the Third? Why didn't all those divisions and departments tell me?"

"None of them knew. We do things by routine here. You have followed the routine and found out what you wanted to know. It is the best way. It is the only way. It is very regular, and very slow, but it is very certain."

"Yes, certain death. It has been, to the most of our tribe. I begin to feel that I, too, am called. Young man, you love the bright creature yonder with the gentle blue eyes and the steel pens behind her ears—I see it in your soft glances; you wish to marry her—but you are poor. Here, hold out your hand here is the beef contract; go, take her and be happy! Heaven bless you, my children!"

This is all that I know about the great beef contract, that has created so much talk in the community. The clerk to whom I bequeathed it died. I know nothing further about the contract or any one connected with it. I only know that if a man lives long enough, he can trace a thing through the Circumlocution Office of Washington, and find out, after much labor and trouble and delay, that which he could have found out on the first day if the business of the Circumlocution Office were as ingeniously systematized as it would be if it were a great private mercantile institution.—*The Galaxy.*

A Pattern House.

The coming housewife will keep her dwelling daintily clean, for the sake of health as well as beauty. Its walls will be neat and stainless, but no green traceries of foliage on their hangings, shall impregnate the air with floating arsenic. No fresh paint with poisonous exhalations shall be needed on the woodwork, for the varied graining of unvarnished woods will only grow richer and more beautiful with age. Fastened carpets of wool will be cast out as abominations, vile receptacles of dirt which housemaids are powerless to remove; and over inlaid floors of polished woods shall extends soft, heavy mats, whose dust may be given to the breeze each day. The heavy curtain draperies that make our parlors no better than dungeons will be banished to Limbo, and the blinds swung open to sunlight and air. The walls will be overhung with the immortal dreams of artist's brains, for culture will have taught her that the beautiful is always useful. Her table may glitter with crystal and burnished silver, but she will administer no daily poisons from her board. We question whether pastry and cake shall ever receive honor there—but ripe fruits from many climes shall furnish the dessert, and good humor and pleasant converse make the hour a delight.

☞ "That bed is not long enough for me," said a very tall, gruff old Englishman, upon being ushered into his bedroom by an Irish waiter at one of our hotels. "Faith, an' you'll find it is plenty long, sir, when you get into it," was the reply; "for then there'll be two feet more added to it." Exit Pat, with a boot fetching up the rear.

SOME MOTHER'S CHILD.

BY FRANCES L. KEELER.

At home or away, in the alley or street,
Wherever I chance in this wide world to meet
A girl that is thoughtless, or a boy that is wild,
My heart echoes softly, "'Tis some mother's child."

And when I see those o'er whom long years have rolled,
Whose hearts have grown hardened, whose spirits are cold,
Be it woman all fallen, or man all defiled,
A voice whispers sadly, "Ah! some mother's child."

No matter how far from the right she hath strayed;
No matter what inroads dishonor hath made;
No matter what element caukered the pearl—
Though tarnished and sullied, she is some mother's girl.

No matter how wayward his footsteps have been;
No matter how deep he is sunken in sin;
No matter how low in his standard of joy—
Though guilty and loathsome, he is some mother's boy.

That head hath been pillowed on tenderest breast;
That form hath been wept o'er, those lips have been pressed;
That soul hath been prayed for in tones sweet and mild;
For her sake deal gently with some mother's child.

—*Phren. Journal.*

Motion of the Sun in Space.

"The movement of the solar system through space is directed towards a point of the celestial vault situated on the right line which joins the two stars of the third magnitude of Hercules, at one-quarter of the apparent distance of these stars from each other. The velocity of this movement is such that the sun, with all the globes which depend upon it, advances in this direction at the rate of 1,623 times the length of the radius of our orbit (150,000,000 miles), per annum."

This is a velocity of 420,000 miles per diem, or nearly five miles per second.

Thus we see that direct observation has once more legitimized the inductions of theory. The reality of this motion, by which the solar system is carried along in the depths of space, is proved. It still remains to be known what the nature of this motion is—whether the sun moves periodically around some unknown centre, if it forms part of any particular stellar system, some fragment of the great system of the Milky Way, or if it is the satellite of some other sun. Perhaps its motion is merely the effect of the perturbations which it experiences from the stellar masses which surround it everywhere at unequal distances, and which are distributed irregularly in space.

In the first hypothesis—that of a periodic motion—the right line which represents the sun's course towards Hercules is only a limited portion of the solar orbit, and all that can at present be concluded from it is that the unknown centre around which it moves is at right angles to this line. In the course of several centuries it will perhaps be possible for astronomers to determine the curve of the orbit, by noticing a change in the course of the sun's path, and so acquire some idea of the distance of the orbit's focus. By studying the proper motions of the sun and stars, as if they had a common focus, Argelander has examined the degree of probability presented by the hypothesis that the constellation Perseus would be the general centre of their gravitation. Mædler regards Alcyone, the most brilliant of the Pleiades, as the central sun, around which our sun oscillates, and the Pleiades themselves as the group whose mass determines the motion of our solar system. These speculations, though they are but conjectures, are interesting, inasmuch as they act as points to which further inquiry may be advantageously directed.

The discovery of a proper motion with which our sun is found to be endowed completes the analogies which bind it to all other known stats; for as sidereal astronomy progresses, the number of stars whose motion is perceptible increases, and we are forced to the conclusion that everything in the universe is in motion, that nothing is still, or in absolute repose: the immensity of the distances only give an apparent fixity to this multitude of celestial bodies which shine with sufficient brightness to cause their lances of light to reach us. Nevertheless, years—thousands and millions of years—have elapsed since the vibrations of their surfaces occurred, which cause the impression of light to be felt by us, and the motions which we at the present time detect with so much difficulty, *have been accomplished ages ago.*

As to the course in which we travel through space, it is probable that we shall never know it with absolute accuracy; and the same may be said of all the globes of the solar world. The moon circulates round the earth, but the ellipse which it describes is only, as we have seen it, a relative motion, for the earth also revolves round the sun; and even if we suppose the latter to be immovable, it is, nevertheless, true that our satellite describes a curve of various inflections, a species of cycloid which planetary perterbations render still more complicated. Who knows where this tangling of intricate curves, this combination of orbits, the last of which may be only apparent, really ends? The sun exists in the Milky Way, which appears to be an agglomeration of world-systems, and it is possible that it forms part of one of these systems; but the collection of stars of which the latter is composed is influenced by the attrative forces of all the others, and the result is, doubtless, a general motion directed, perhaps, along the major axis of the great nebula. The Milky Way itself, with all its millions of stars, what is it more in the visible universe than an archipelago in the ocean?—but an archipelago in motion, that travels in infinite space, like all those other galaxies which the telescope has already revealed to us. When the thought of man plunges into these infinities he is bewildered, he loses all self-control, in spite of science which opens to him these sublime glimpses of infinite space and time!

☞ A belligerent wight threatened to kick a dry character who had offended him. "If you undertake it," answered the challenged, "you will find yourself a man more shinned against than shinning."

Charles II. and William Penn.

[A friend hands us the following, cut from an old *Sat. Eve. Post.* of March 3, 1827—over forty years ago—and credited there to the "Friend of Peace."—*Editor Sat. Eve. Post.*]

When William Penn was about to sail from England for Pennsylvania, he went to take his leave of the King, and the following conversation occurred:—

"Well, friend William," said Charles, "I have sold you a noble province in North America; but still I suppose you have no thoughts of going thither yourself."

"Yes I have," replied William, "and I am just come to bid thee farewell."

"What! venture yourself among the savages of North America! Why, man, what security have you that you will not be in their war-kettle in two hours after setting foot on their shores?"

"The best security in the world," replied Penn.

"I doubt that, friend William; I have no idea of any security against those canibals, but in a regiment of good soldiers, with their muskets and bayonets. And mind I tell you before hand, that, with all my good will for you and your family, to whom I am under obligations, I will not send a single soldier with you."

"I want none of thy soldiers," answered William," "I depend on something better than thy soldiers."

The King wished to know *what that was.*

"Why I depend upon themselves—on their own *moral sense*—even on that grace of God which bringeth salvation, and which hath appeared unto all men."

"I fear, friend William, that grace has never appeared to the Indians of North America."

"Why not to them as well as all others?"

"If it had appeared to them," said the king, "they would hardly have treated my subjects so barbarously as they have done."

"That is no proof to the contrary, friend Charles. Thy subjects were the aggressors. When thy subjects first went to North America, they found these poor people the fondest and and kindest creatures in the world. Every day they would watch for them to come ashore, and hasten to meet them, and feast them on their best fish and venison, and corn, which was all that they had. In return for this hospitality of the *savages*, as we call them, thy subjects, termed *Christians*, seized on their country and rich hunting grounds, for farms for themselves! Now is it to be wondered at, that these much injured people should have been driven to desperation by such injustice; and that, burning with revenge, they should have committed some excesses?"

"Well, then, I hope, friend William, you will not complain when they come to treat you in the same manner."

"I am not afraid of it," said Penn.

"Aye! how will you avoid it? You mean to get their hunting grounds, too, I suppose?"

"Yes, but not by driving these poor people away from them."

"No, indeed! How then will you get the lands?"

"I mean to buy their lands of them."

"Buy their lands of them! why, man, you have already bought them of me."

"Yes, I know I have, and at a dear rate, too; but I did it only to get thy good will, not that I thought thou hadst any right to their lands."

"Zounds, man! no right to their lands!"

"No, friend Charles, no right at all. What right hast thou to their lands?"

"Why, the right of *discovery;* the right which the Pope and all Christian Kings have agreed to give one another."

"The right of *discovery!* a strange kind of right indeed. Now suppose, friend Charles, some canoe loads of these Indians, crossing the sea, and discovering thy Island of Great Britain, were to claim it as their own, and set it up for sale over thy head, what wouldst thou think of it?"

"Why—why—why, (replied Charles,) I must confess I should think it a piece of great impudence in them."

"Well, then, how canst thou, a Christian, and a Christian Prince too, do that which thou so utterly condemnest in these people, whom thou callest *savages!* Yes, friend Charles, and suppose again that these Indians, on thy refusal to give up thy Island of Great Britain, were to make war on thee, and having weapons more destructive than thine, were to destroy many of thy subjects and to drive the rest away; wouldst thou not think it horribly cruel?"

The King assenting to this with strong marks of conviction, William proceeded—

"Well, then, friend Charles, how can I, who call myself a *Christian*, do what I do not think right, not even in heathens? No, I will not do it. But I will buy the right of the proper owners, even of the Indians themselves. By doing this I shall imitate God himself, in his justice and mercy, and thereby insure his blessings on my colony, if I should ever live to plant one in North America."

WHERE FLIES COME FROM.—Flies will soon be abundant, and most people wonder where they come from. Our readers, if they remember the following paragraph, can answer the inquiry: The eggs of the house fly are laid in decaying vegetable matter, such as dead leaves, and especially in the manure of stables, about seventy or eighty being the usual number. These soon hatch, and the larvæ grows rapidly, feeding upon the substances found near it. After a short time the outer skin hardens, and becomes brown and tough, forming a case shaped like a little barrel divided into rings. The transformation of the larvæ is quickly made, and the animal is soon ready to emerge as a perfect insect.

THE BISHOP AND GAMEKEEPER.—An English bishop, who was fond of shooting, in one of his excursions met with a friend's gamekeeper, whom he sharply reproved for inattention to his religious duties, exhorting him strenuously to "go to church, and read his Bible." The keeper, in an angry mood, responded: "Why, I do read my Bible, sir; but I don't find in it any mention of the Apostles going a-shooting." "No, my good man, you are right," said the bishop; "the shooting was very bad in Palestine, so they went fishing instead."

☞ The perpetrator of the following, we are happy to say, is deceased. He was bled to death with hair-pins, and afterwards drowned in catnip tea: When are babies not babies? When they are robbin' redbreasts.

☞ We see it stated that five ladies in Paris, are having themselves vaccinated on the legs to avoid all visible scars.

FLAME-PICTURES.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY MRS. M. L. CADY.

A wintry night. The wind moans at my door,
But, from the grate, the ruddy firelight glowing
Upon my lowly walls and cottage floor
A charm is throwing.

And I, meanwhile, reclining in its beams,
Forget, alike, the world and wintry weather,
And roam abroad within the realm of dreams—
Lost altogether.

I watch the fire-flames as they towering blaze
And shape themselves to many a quaint ideal,
Such as my fancy wrought in other days
When joy was real.

Proud palaces with gilded dome and spire,
And bannered battlements in bold defiance,
And broad domains all merged within the fire
In apt appliance.

The placid summer sky that bends above
Drops softly down its amber beams in showers
To add perfection to this scene of love
And gild the hours.

Within those stately halls a happy throng
Make time pass merrily with joyous laughter,
I list, and catch the ripple of a song
That floated after.

And lo! what trains of olden memories rise,
As the faint echo of those tones come stealing,
How swells the touched heart upward to the eyes
In fond revealing!

Ah, days of youth, and song of long ago,
Why haunt my heart to-night with such strange sweetness?
Is it to mock me with your loss, and show
Life's incompleteness?

Back to your realms! I would not once recall
A single hour or song in love's sweet story;
Life is not ever dark, and earth not all
Bereft of glory.

Burn brighter fire! throw out your cheeriest light,
Fall on my hearth and home with tender gleaming,
That I may see a fairer scene to-night—
No longer dreaming!

The crimson carpet on my cottage floor
Looks warmer still beneath your red reflection;
The faithful house-dog by the fastened door
Insures protection.

The painted landscapes, pendant from the wall,
Show many a winding brook and verdant meadows,
And grand old trees, whose leafy branches fall
In pleasing shadows.

The never-tiring clock above my head
Chimes out the fleeting hours in silver numbers,
While, close beside me, on her little bed,
My baby slumbers.

Was ever fairer scene or fonder sight?
I kiss her rosy lips to make more certain;
Mine eyes and heart are very full, oh Night,
Let fall your curtain!

Flemingsburg, Ky.

UNDER A BAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,
AUTHOR OF "CLAUDIA," "CUT ADRIFT," &c., &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by H. Peterson & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXII.

FACING DESTINY.

A little strip of woods lay between, and Paul Rutherford looked at it longingly—its green glooms and mossy ways were in such strong contrast to the sunny road without. The flutter of a white dress caught his eye, and he paused, startled by the apparition.

Lucia Mackenzie was nearly as white as her dress. The wild eyes were frightened and imploring.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, struck by her pain and terror, "you might trust me! I was once your friend!"

She gave him a keen, searching glance. Every pulse to her very finger ends, trembled and throbbed. He came nearer, and took her hand, cold on this brilliant summer day.

"If I was surprised last night, remember, I—they all thought you dead."

"Yes. You have been *there?*"

"To—" but he did not utter the word. "Yes, I was abroad nearly a year. The business required my presence."

She flushed through all her paleness.

"You were the greatest sufferer," she made answer. "I used to think of you in that dreary time. I believe *he* meant to be fair and honest in the beginning—but his brain was dazzled by the brilliant prospects. And when the crash came, each one considered only his own losses."

"It might have been worse. I saved a little from the wreck—but those on the spot were more successful."

"You have seen—"

Her voice died away. They had both unconsciously turned toward the woods, and now he pointed to a mossy stone.

"Sit here," he said, in his olden tone of tender, yet firm command. "You are weak and agitated. Yes, I saw them all less than six months ago. They were well."

"Thank you." She was strangely glad to hear even that.

He looked at her curiously. How much of the Dedham doings did she know?

"What have you heard?" he asked.

"Nothing. I went away one morning. Perhaps they think me dead."

"They do."

"Thank God!" She uttered the words reverently, with bowed head and clasped hands.

"But there was a strange mistake about it. They found some garments which were identified as yours—and the body of a drowned woman, supposed to be yours also. It was buried in the churchyard. There was no reason to question the story—and I believed it with the rest. My amazement last night was unbounded; and if I betrayed too much, forgive me. It was well that I heard your voice before I saw your face."

"I wanted to be dead to them!" she exclaimed, with a touch of the old vehemence. "Ah, I see that your eyes condemn—but if those dreary days had been yours, and a woman's life, too—"

He was thinking of the strange complication that had arisen. Should he tell her that a wife and child filled her place?

"Oh, you don't know—you never can! It was like a death in life. He did not starve me, nor beat me, but he shut out all the brightness until my very hours became intolerable. From morning until night, from week to week! It is like a horrible dream even now."

"You excite yourself fearfully."

"I went away to die. I was a trouble to them all, and I saw it. Oh, you will not send me back?"

"My poor child, no. Do not distress yourself needlessly. It would be all too late for such a step."

"He does not want me. Perhaps it was my fault at first. Oh, Mr. Rutherford, why are we so blind in youth? I thought then, that if he was kind and cared for me tenderly, I should need nothing more."

He looked at her pityingly. Still so young and so lovely, and yet barred out of the choicest joys of life—hiding away like a criminal. With her gifts and graces, so finely fitted to be the charm of some happy home circle—so warm and tender of heart, and doomed to be forever alone. It was hard.

"You needed love;" he said, musingly.

"I suppose nearly all women do. I never had any at home by which I could test his—but when I failed to make him happy, and my own life was only a curse, I wanted to be away from it all. Do you think they cared?"

"We did not meet on the friendly terms of the past. I have seen very little of Mr. Thorndike," he answered, evasively.

"I want you to believe that it was no plot, no part of the scheme that you were asked to become his guest. I think I would have died sooner than lend myself to such treachery. He expected to realize a grand fortune for all."

Mr. Rutherford smiled. This courage and honesty of purpose touched him.

"I did not blame Mr. Thorndike so much for that. Perhaps we all thought the same. The business looked very fair when I left it. We could not foresee the great revulsion that came before we were prepared. I only complain of the after treatment. Some came out of the wreck better than I; and it was so long before I could learn the truth."

"I was more than sorry. I used to think of it so much—and of *you*."

That was Lucy Thorndike's face. It took him back to hours that he had said long ago it was wiser to forget.

"But you have told me nothing about yourself."

"Do you care to hear?"

"Yes, all. It is like one coming back from the dead, for me."

She smiled sadly, and mused awhile with downcast eyes. Should she tell him where her path had crossed lines with another's?

To do her the simplest justice that last hour with Vaughan Marchmont had made a very faint impression on her mind; and in the swift rush of more important events, it had been forgotten. She remembered only that he had asked from her a useless friendship, and left him out of the account.

Much as Mr. Rutherford longed to question, delicacy kept him silent. So he listened to her story, beginning from the morning when she had left Dedham. She made it brief, and left out many of its pangs—but its truth no one could doubt.

"And you were learning to be happy?"

His eyes questioned her so intently that it brought the warm color to her face.

"I was content. The ease and freedom of this life, its many quiet pleasures and few cares, lulled me into repose. But now—"

"And now?" he asked. "What difference should my coming make?"

"You do not condemn me?"

"The step is irrevocably taken. I should be the last to advise you going back to Warren Thorndike."

He could not bring his mind to tell her of the insuperable barrier between.

"And you think that I have a right to stay here, that it is not base treachery to appear other than I am. To me it was like the beginning of a new womanhood. I took the name my mother gave me—I had never been called by it before, and it was the dawn of a higher life. Some of its lessons I owe to you."

Should he praise or blame? With a man's cautiousness he could not quite approve the step, and yet perhaps it had been her salvation.

"Why should you not remain here?" he said slowly. "You have found warm and true friends. There is freedom, ease, and security."

He uttered this last to reassure her trembling faith. What a strange life hers had been.

There was a world of entreaty in the glance she gave him, but she could not bring herself to pain him by a question that would imply distrust.

"Yes," he said, "I understand. It is not merely a secret with me, but a sacred trust. You will find that nothing of the past has been betrayed. If I was startled out of self-possession last night I bethought myself in a moment of all you must have at stake, and spoke of the past as an incidental acquaintance."

"Thank you."

There was a wistful look still remaining in the shadowy eyes. Did she care to hear about him?

Ah, what could he tell her?

There came to him at that instant a strange revelation. This woman listening with drooping eyes and parted lips that did not smile, held for him a subtle and far-reaching charm. He had always associated her with another, and he was much too loyal to allow fancy to stray in a lawless manner. But if both could be free, and he were to meet her for the first time.

He drew himself up with a gesture that was almost haughty. Well that she did not see it, for now her face was half averted.

"You have heard," he began in a clear, calm tone, "that I am to be married in the autumn?"

"Yes. I hope you may be happy," she added after a pause, and he little guessed the fear tugging at her heart.

Was there any question in *her* mind?

"You have seen Miss Sturtevant?"

"Yes. She is a very handsome woman."

"I do not want you to think that I was won altogether by beauty."

"No, I cannot imagine that. A woman must have some graces of heart or soul to charm you—at least I used to believe so."

She gave him one of her bright, fearless looks.

"You may believe it still," he returned gravely.

"And the business at—"

"It will not be a total loss. The prospect is fairer now than at any time. If the money had been all my own I would have cared less."

She felt assured that whatever happened Warren Thorndike would prosper. Let the past all go then, since one could not choose the recipients of fortune. And remembering what had been said concering his generosity to Miss Sturtevant, she did him honor in her heart.

And yet the old friendship so suddenly restored must end as briefly. The fact gave her heart a wrench. So she rose from her seat.

He would not detain her. He was too wise a man to try his strength in foolish tests.

"I am obliged to you for giving me audience here," he said. "Was it by accident?"

"No; I knew you would come, and I watched. From my window I could see the turn in the road. I thought it better."

"It was."

"I cannot put my gratitude in words," she said in a low, faltering voice. "There are some hours in our lives that I shall always remember. Wish me well—that is all."

Then she too recognized the barrier that it was best for both to respect to the fullest extent!

"God knows my best prayers will be for you. If this path grows tiresome and dreary, He only can comfort you."

He studied once more the slender, drooping figure, the arms that hung listless, and yet were the perfection of grace, the soft golden hair blown about by the summer wind, the small scarlet mouth and deep eyes with their hidden and wondrous fire. Would any soul ever sun itself at the full rays?

"Adieu my little friend. God bless you."

Yet she was first to turn, to leave the spot, though it seemed to wrench every fibre of her being. Why? she asked herself in dismay. They would meet again, and perhaps she should see him happy.

She took the homeward path with swift steps. Silently she entered the house and sped to her room. More than an hour had elapsed since she left it, and in her contradictory emotions it seemed both brief and long. The shadow that had hung over her since last night was lifted, but in its stead had come a blindness such as the flash of lightning leaves in its wake.

Groping through it she knew the truth. The love that might have redeemed her soul was a splendid possibility missed. Too soon and too late. This man she could have loved had fate been less cruel.

It was the first dawning of passion, but it lay quiescent in her soul from very hopelessness. She did not even rebel against its sway that seemed to rend her with agony, but bowed her head to the storm and let the waves of despair sweep over her. Even if he were free she would have no right to listen.

Going carefully over the past she could find no place where a word or look had betrayed any feeling deeper than a friendly interest. She experienced a strange pride in this fact, for in her heart he was always to stand without a peer. When he had saved her from another dangerous temptation it had been from no selfish tenderness, but the highest motive, her own good.

She also realized now why it would have been impossible for her to love Marchmont. The volatile fancy, the love for grace, beauty and refinement that was a part of her nature had been answered in his many fascinations, but the depths of her soul required something nobler and truer. It had been nothing deeper than a pleasure of the senses, and with her principles could never have led her astray no matter how trying the emergency might be.

Yet when she thought of Eleanor Sturtevant she trembled for Mr. Rutherford's happiness. Why indeed? Was it not unreasonable, and perhaps savoring of jealousy to thus distrust a woman of whom she knew absolutely nothing?

She came back to her sweet and gracious mood. Edith Preston had invited some friends, whom she charmed as she had many times before, with her lovely voice. She had ceased to struggle against fate, and she knew that her secret was safe in Paul Rutherford's hands.

Still she dreaded her next advent at the Oaks. She need not. Mr. Rutherford had left that morning, but his beautiful betrothed appeared in very gay spirits. She and her cousin George rambled about the lawn or made a pretence of croquet. Mrs. Catherwood kept them well in sight. Her eyes were not dim or easily deceived.

This evening they succeeded in persuading Miss Mackenzie to remain to supper. Mr. Rutherford was quite a topic of interest for them all.

"The marriage is to be early in October," Frances whispered in confidence. "All the trousseau is to be ordered, for Eleanor declares that she hates looking after such matters. It seems to me that it would be delightful."

Lucia sighed a little. How often girls lost sight of the seriousness of the step in its captivating adjuncts! And then she remembered her own ill-fated nuptials.

Quiet and uneventful days they were after her startling surprise. It appeared very much like a dream to her, and sometimes she almost wondered whether she had ever been any person beside Lucia Mackenzie! For she could not help revelling in the summer's bloom and beauty, and smiling at the rosy hours.

She had kept up her olden habit of rambling. Mrs. Preston was frequently her companion, but she was never deterred by loneliness. So one afternoon, perhaps a fortnight later, she sought her favorite nook with a volume of poems. A small eminence, for Mercombe was full of tiny hills and valleys, shaded by great trees and carpeted with velvety turf. Below ran a stream that plashed musically over the stones in its way.

She threw herself on the grass, leaning her elbow upon a ledge of moss grown rock. The glowing sun was sifted through the leaves by the softest of summer winds that merely stirred them to a whisper. Bees droned in the distant clover fields, and occasionally some bird overhead dropped a tender trill of floating melody. Reclining there in luxurious solitude, her brain seemed to fill with shadowy remembrances until it was lost in the hush of loveliness.

How long she had hovered on the verge of slumber she hardly knew, but she was startled by a sharp, discordant laugh.

"And you believed this?" a voice said.

"I believed you loved me!" was the answer in a deep, passionate tone. "Have you not told me so? Have you not drawn me to your side, let me lie at your feet and tell over my wild dreams, enchained me by a glance of your eye? Oh, it must be true! Surely women cannot so deceive!"

There was a pathetic earnestness that touched Lucia Mackenzie. And yet she would fain have fled if she had known in what direction she would be sure to miss these two in their discussion.

"But you know what I told you?"

"A story of paltry gratitude—"

"Not that alone. I once informed you that I could never marry *any* poor man."

"But I am no longer poor."

"A few thousands!" and again a scornful laugh.

"Eleanor, you madden me! Did you not once admit that your fancy for him had perished? I am young, and all I ask of fate is a fair chance and I will yet lay a fortune at your feet. And he will give you up if you tell him the truth. No man would claim an unwilling bride!"

It was Eleanor Sturtevant, then! For a moment Lucia seemed stunned, and the voices were only a murmuring sound to her ear, the man madly loving and protesting, the woman imperious and scornful.

"No, you shall never marry Paul Rutherford!" he declared in a louder key. "I will go to him, I will confess the whole story, our stolen meetings, our promises, and our love, for you have loved me. I will demand your freedom. You shall not escape me."

There was an awful silence. The hush even fell over the trees, and nothing save the ripple of the stream was heard. Lucia held her breath in sympathy.

"All that might not make me marry you," she returned in a light, mocking tone. "Indeed, it is possible that I might hate you for your interference."

"But love is stronger than hate."

"Is it?" and she laughed satirically. "Suppose I say that my love for you was a mere passing fancy and has perished! Women are proverbially fickle."

"Well, you will never marry him! I would come from the ends of the earth to prevent it."

"Listen, Harold," she began more calmly. "That I once loved you I will admit, but I am firmly convinced that we could *not* be happy together. Still, I will let you learn the truth for yourself. Take your journey. Study the beautiful women you meet, and find a rival for me. I shall be in the city by November, and then we will compare notes again."

"And in the meanwhile you are to be married."

"Rumor has said the same thing before, but you see that I am still single."

"Oh, Eleanor, can you never love me again?"

The voice was full of tender, imploring passion. How deeply he must be infatuated with this beautiful woman, Lucia thought.

"Harold, will you return those letters?"

"Never! never!"

"Then do not talk to me of love. Go your way."

Eleanor Sturtevant must have moved on, for the next sound was indistinct, and finally mingled with the voice of the stream. Lucia rose and glanced around. Not a figure was to be seen in those shadowy nooks, not a step or a rustle heard. Had she been dreaming!

CHAPTER XXIII.

GIRT BY FIRE.

A quick, keen pang of anguish tore Lucia Mackenzie's soul. The man for whom she would have chosen a destiny royal in its truth, love and honor, thus at the mercy of a heartless coquette! But why had Eleanor Sturtevant singled out this man of all others to marry? There certainly could be no lack of wealthy and handsome suitors at her feet.

Now that she remembered, Paul Rutherford had not been at all enthusiastic about his betrothed or his anticipated happiness. He was grave and quiet by nature, but she had seen his eye kindle and his cheek glow with a touch of hidden fire. Could it be possible that this miserable fate lay before him?

She shuddered with painful forebodings and began to retrace her steps. Her own wretched life seemed to rise up as a warning, yet what could she do except look on and see him drift down with the current! Even if the secret had come to her honorably, she would still have no right to betray it. But could he not be saved?

"Miss Mackenzie," said the domestic, as she came slowly in at the side gate, "there's a gentleman in the drawing-room wishes to see you."

"Where is Mrs. Preston?" she asked.

"Oh, she and Miss Edith have gone for a drive."

"Do you know who it is?—the visitor, I mean," she added, absently.

"A stranger, I think."

Lucia made one or two trifling alterations of dress, and ran down. Some person on business—though what could a stranger want with her?

The figure wore a curiously familiar look. The face was turned from her until she had half crossed the room.

She uttered a low cry of surprise and terror, for Vaughan Marchmont stood before her.

He would have met any emergency with calmness, but he felt that he was master of this situation. Sweet as his smile was, there gleamed a little triumph in it as well.

"So, I have found you at last, my lost, my still dear friend!"

She trembled so violently that she fell, rather than sat in the nearest chair.

"Forgive me," he said, imploringly, "but I could not wait when once assured that you were alive,"

"Who told you?" she gasped; for did any one besides Paul Rutherford know the secret?

"There was a body found and brought to Dedham; and though others were deceived, I was not. From that hour I have not believed you dead. But why did you go without a word? You might have trusted me!"

"And knowing that I wished to be as the dead to every one, this step on your part is hardly kind, Mr. Marchmont."

A desperate courage seemed to spring up within her, and she turned at bay like some wild thing driven to the last extremity.

He had fancied all along that she had cared for him, and that only her position, and a faint sense of what was due to her husband, kept her from acknowledging it. Her sudden flight had been a severe blow to his vanity, yet he had a man's love for combatting obstacles. But as she stood there now, lofty in spite of her terror, and with a higher beauty in her face than that which had first attracted him, he still resolved to conquer. Now she was in his power, he was not likely to forget that.

"I could not stay away." His tone was low and vehement. "Ah, you can never know how I have longed for some tidings—how often I have pictured you friendless, suffering, with no kind hand or heart to minister to your needs. Others, whose right it was, might let the matter go by in silence, but I could not. A faint, uncertain clue has guided me now and then, and at last led me aright."

"Well?" she said, glancing at him inquiring.

She understood that he loved her, that he had dared to love her when such a passion confessed, would have been shame and dishonor to her. In those old days she had not seen clearly, or rather she had not been capable of making subtle distinctions. She would have deemed it an insult to accuse him of unlawful love, when he had placed it on the basis of friendship.

Marchmont felt that he would gain nothing by temporising. If he chose to marry her, it was in his power, so far as *he* was concerned. He was not quite sure that he did. There were women in the world who would bring him wealth and position, with the added lustre of family, and it might not be wisdom to throw himself away. But he did want one deep, delicious draught of her love.

"There was a time when you esteemed me a friend. Why did you not trust me!"

"I told you that I wanted to be dead to the past. I desired to begin a new life."

"Have you found it better than the old one?"

"More satisfactory, at least, until now;" she replied, pointedly.

His face flushed, and he bit his lips. If he subdued this woman at all, he must begin by being master. And then he glanced her over. The slender figure with that peculiar seductive softness indicative of tenderness as well as untold depths of passion, the shining hair rippling in its sea of gold, the deep lustrous eyes with their half-hidden light that dazzled, piqued one's curiosity and yet seldom satisfied. She seemed like a rare, weird psychological study. He felt that her soul never had been roused to its fullest extent, and that quick as she might be to take many impressions, the one that swayed her the most powerfully would be of slow growth.

He compelled her eyes to meet his by the exercise of the subtle power he knew so well how to use.

"I think you have felt, if you have not acknowledged to yourself, the tie existing between us," he began, in his slow, melodious voice. "Heretofore I have had no right to speak. I had to look on your daily martyrdom and keep silence, no matter how keen the pang. But now you are free, and I dare to say 'I love you.'"

"You have yet no right;" and the indignant blood crimsoned her cheek. "Warren Thorndike is alive; and by the law of the land, I am still his wife."

"He has placed an insuperable bar between you. He is married."

She started back in astonishment, yet in an instant she took in the whole. Rachel was his wife, of course. The event she had wished for in a vague way had come to pass, and she felt frightened at the result. Did it leave her free? Her brain was in a state of painful confusion.

"There is the greater need of my keeping silence," she answered slowly.

He noted the expression of terror and indecision that hovered about her eyes.

"You are dead to that part of the world," he made answer. "And it appears the more necessary now that you should have a tried and trusty adviser. Who could fill this place so well as the man who loves you, the man to whom you could be everything?"

His tone was tender and impassioned. A sad, yet fascinating light quivered about his eyes, like the flame of a hidden fire.

How should she tell him that she did not love him, that no amount of patience or devotion could move her, that she had indeed lost faith in him? She felt so astray, so far from any trusty beacon light, that she hardly knew which way to go.

"You cannot have forgotten all the past," he resumed. "There was a time when I read more than a passing interest in your soul. Surely that long interchange of taste and feeling, of similar pursuits, refinements, thoughts and moods could not fail to leave some impress. Then a look would have been wrong; now my soul summons yours by the divine right of love, of a sacred possessorship that you cannot deny!"

"You judge too soon, Mr. Marchmont," she said. "In those days I was wild and weak. I had no friend or sister to counsel me. From the simplest of lives I went to the extreme of fashionable dissipation. I took no greater license than women in my station, and yet I understand now that some of those steps were calculated to lead one astray. Heaven knows how truly and earnestly I have repented of them. In my seclusion I have tried to bring myself up to a higher standard. Poor as the effort may have been, it is not without some result. It has made me clearer eyed."

He saw that. Her soul seemed to challenge his in that brief instant, and to make it understand that she stood on no uncertain ground; that she could no longer be led by a beguiling smile or a few impassioned or unmeaning words.

He had never felt the guiding or repressing power of a will stronger or purer than his own. Hitherto he had crushed where he could not conquer. Selfishness reigned a very king within him, and even at that moment, much as he loved Lucy Thorndike, he resolved that in the end she should pay to the uttermost for thus daring to oppose. But he was wary enough to glove the iron hand in softest velvet.

"And you misjudge me, I think," in that soft, injured tone, so potent with women. "The merest legal figment holds you, which any court could dissolve in a few hours. Then you are quite free to become the loved and honored wife of any man. I ask you to be mine. I will take these steps for you in the most quiet manner."

"Mr. Marchmont—" and she raised her hand entreatingly.

"Hear me through," he interrupted with dignity. "I have studied you when you were least suspicious. I know the depths and richness of your nature, its marvellous capacity for bliss, its truth, tenderness, and also its needs. I would take you far away from aught that could recall the past, to some of those bright, bewildering lands at whose very description I have seen your eye kindle and your cheek glow. You should have beauty on every hand, until your very soul was steeped in it and every fine pulse of your nature beat responsive. I would shield you from care, from sorrow or trouble, until all of your bitter past should be blotted out, and not one remembrance left to mar the harmony of our perfect bliss. I should prize your love above all treasures, and cherish it night and day. Lucy, you cannot refuse. Think of this life of hiding and exile, where you are never safe, of the toil, the loneliness, and the bleak, barren future!"

He would have taken her in his arms, but she saw the motion and drew back.

There had been times when such tender, impassioned tones might have won her, had she stood as nearly free as she did now. But his words touched no deep chord in her soul.

"Mr. Marchmont," she said slowly and with a peculiar force upon every word, "one thing you have *not* taken into account—I do not love you!"

The force and daring of her nature spoke there. Her deep eyes burned with a steady light.

"How do you know? There is no past love with which to compare it!"

His tone was confident, and a peculiar smile played about his lips.

A sudden subtle flushing, a tremor in every limb, a far illumination of the deep eyes, but with all these outward signs a pang like death at her heart.

"You are right. I can test it by nothing in the past. It is a simple, present feeling of my own—I do not desire to be your wife."

"Why?" with incredulous amazement.

He had overlooked the previous agitation, but nothing was to escape his eyes now.

"Because as I said—I do not love you!"

"But you *will*," with the assured triumph of certain victory. "Give me time and opportunity. It is for your happiness I plead, as well as my own."

He had taken a firm resolve within himself. If he found her love a more satisfying treasure than the draughts he had hitherto quaffed, he would rest content in its tenderness; but if not, and freedom were quite impossible, there would be ways to alleviate the sameness. He was not a generous man in any respect, and was quite capable, if she disappointed him, of consigning her to oblivion with hardly a pitying pang of remorse.

"No," she returned steadily. "If you are a true friend you will take my final answer and leave me to the solitude that I have chosen."

Her face began to betray a peculiar weariness. There was a sinking in the lines about the mouth, and a curious flickering light coming and going in the deep eyes.

"I cannot. I am lover as well as friend."

Then came her fatal temporizing. She had put off so many evil days in her short life.

"At least," she said imploringly, "you will leave me now. I am worn and distracted with the sudden surprise, and all this conversation. I know not which way to turn."

He could be gentle enough when it suited his purpose.

"As you will," he replied sadly. "Remember that I love you, and be merciful."

He took her hand, though she would fain have withdrawn it. Seeing the pain and suffering so plainly impressed upon her face, and quite mistaking its cause, a glow of pity and love suffused his face and touched her deeper than she would have cared to own.

"To-morrow," he said, and she did not dissent.

Then she flew to her room. A wild terror throbbed along every pulse. What should she do?—what *could* she do? she moaned. Fly again?

Alas! there was no safety in flight. The quiet security of these years and careful isolation had been disturbed, and what could any other place promise? Might not Marchmont track her wheresoever she went?

A shuddering seized her whole frame, as if it were in a deathly ague, and her throat became painfully constricted. In this spasm of despair the grave looked peaceful and inviting. Why had she not died? And for an instant one of those terrible temptations came over her. What was her life worth? Homeless, friendless, an exile from all that women hold sacred, hunted to the last extremity, what did it matter? Would not God look pityingly on the step when He knew all the terrible causes that led to it? Would it not be better for Rachel and Mr. Thorndike?

Reason asserted her sway. No, it was not possible. Since God had not seen fit to end the miserable life, she must bide His time. And if He laid some still heavier burthen upon her she must bear it, calling upon Him for strength and grace.

She forced herself to go down to the drawing-room on Mrs. Preston's return. Edith had some girlish gossip to relate, and her silence passed unremarked.

But all through the long and dreary night she tossed restlessly upon her bed and asked herself what she should do. It seemed indeed the great crisis of her life. Vaughan Marchmont held her secret, and she had more to fear from him than from Paul Rutherford. Did he really love her? When she believed this and recalled his persuasive words, his looks of ardent tenderness, a profound pity filled her heart. Remember that she could not fathom the depths of his soul with her unpractised eyes.

In her extremity she came to one resolve. She would write to Paul Rutherford. Counsel and advice she must have. There was no one here to whom she could apply. Kind and generous as Mr. Wilmer had proved, he would be shocked at her story. He had an old-fashioned respect for the marriage bond, and would be inclined to judge rather severely the wife who had thus set at naught her husband's authority. Mrs. Catherwood would condemn unhesitatingly. Merecombe would be no home for her when the story was once bruited abroad.

But Rutherford, knowing all her past, would judge with his clear eyes and merciful soul. She had this much confidence in him, that whatever step he decided upon as right, she meant to follow implicitly.

Her first task the next morning was to write her note. By one of those strange incidents that afterward seem like links in a chain, she remembered seeing his address on a letter ready for the mail, lying on the library table at Mrs. Catherwood's. She was in no state to study elegance and propriety.

"You proved yourself once my friend, and saved me," she wrote; "and now that I am in still sorer need, will you come to my assistance? LUCIA MACKENZIE."

She forced herself to eat a few mouthfuls of breakfast, and then set out on her errand, for she could trust it to no other hands. It seemed as if some one was dogging every step, and she shivered at the slightest rustle. She wanted more composure before she could again venture to face Mr. Marchmont.

It was her afternoon for the Catherwoods. Like one in the grasp of a terrible dream she went about her duty, fearing some rude awakening every instant. How more than comfortable this grand old mansion looked, with its serene mistress and group of happy girls. Miss Sturtevant was among them—regally beautiful and imperious. If there was any sin on her conscience, she did not betray it. Lucia envied her the grace and indifference.

What charm had she ever held for a man like Paul Rutherford? Lucia seemed at a loss to account for this strange tie. And why should she wish to marry a man whom she did not really love? Had she not the whole world from which to choose?

The day wore wearily to an end. On every step of her homeward way she expected to meet Mr. Marchmont—for in her highly-wrought nervous state she gifted him with prescience. At last she drew a relieved breath.

"How tired you look," exclaimed Mrs. Preston. "And Mr. Wilmer has sent for us to come over. There are to be some young people at the Rectory this evening."

There was an expression of solicitude upon Mrs. Preston's face.

"Oh, Miss Mackenzie must go, mamma," said Edith. "Uncle Wilmer sent especially for her. It is always so much pleasanter with you;" and the young girl gave her a winsome smile.

"I think I will, if you can all excuse a little dullness," she answered. "In the meanwhile, I can take a few moment's rest."

"You are not going to be ill, surely! And yet your voice has an unusual sound."

"Oh, no. I did not sleep well last night, and the day has been warm. I shall soon be refreshed."

Lucia closed her eyes on the phantom before them. Anything was better than receiving Mr. Marchmont alone there in the evening. And perhaps she would feel no worse for the effort.

They went early. For that day she was safe. Perhaps she had misjudged Mr. Marchmont. It was her fault that he had dared to love her; and in reviewing the conversation of yesterday in a calmer mood, he might see how little hope there was for him, and accept her decision as final.

"A gentleman called soon after you had gone," said the servant, on their return. "He left this note."

Lucia took it, thankful that she had escaped the meeting. She did not open it until in her own room.

He had penciled a few lines on a card and slipped it into an envelope.

"My darling"—it ran—"why do you shun me? My whole life lies in your hands, for happiness or despair. I am deeply disappointed at thus missing you; and beg an interview for to-morrow morning."

She could not escape the cruel fate then! Oh, if Mr. Rutherford were but here. She placed her whole faith in him with feverish anxiety. But how could she wait? Again flight appeared the only door open to her.

Every step of this miserable way seemed linked with pain and shame. The old cry rose to her lips—why had she ever been born? (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A French priest, lauding the superior virtue of a religious over a civil ceremony of marriage, recently declared that every union he had blessed had prospered, and produced the following letter in proof: "*Respected Sir*:—Since we received your blessing, we have been so completely happy that, after ten years of married life, we have just welcomed our twelfth baby. Under these circumstances, my husband joins me in the prayer that you would kindly withdraw your benediction."

☞ Professor Blackie says some good things, and it is curious to know what he would say about women. Here is what he has recently told the women in a lecture:—"A woman is naturally as different from a man as a flower from a tree; she has more beauty and more fragrance, but less strength. She will be fitted for the rough thorny walk of the masculine professions when she has got a rough beard, a brazen front, and a hard skin, but no sooner."

☞ An editor in Pittsburg got mad the other day, and went bursting through the dictionary with the declaration that he was "prepared at all seasons to wield a trenchant blade in a controversy conducted syllogistically by an erudite antagonist who was not precisposed to be recalcitrant." The man to whom this language was addressed, has closed up his business and left for the far West. He said this was too much—much too much.

☞ A correspondent, signing himself "Hibernienist," asks if it is not "a bull" to speak of Miss Van Lew as *Postmaster* of Richmond. He thinks it should be Postmistress. The answer is that the laws of the United States authorize the appointment of "Postmaster," and that is the proper official designation of the official who holds the office, whether the incumbent is a man or a woman.—*Philada. Ledger.*

☞ Some idea of the extent of the Western egg trade may be formed from reading a paragraph in the Toledo Blade, stating that recently there arrived in that city in a freight train on the Wabash Railroad, seven carloads of eggs. There were in each car 125 barrels, or 875 barrels in all. Allowing 120 dozen eggs in each barrel, there were 1,260,000 eggs on board that train.

☞ Sorosis says that woman's sphere is enlarging all the time, and soon we shall have her in all branches of business. The last case is made plain by a sign on an Indiana railroad eating-house, which says:—"Coffee and fresh laid eggs by Mrs. Harris." Mrs. Harris is the pioneer in this new branch.

☞ The hotels in Cedar Keys, Fla., that are raised on piles, have holes bored in the first floor, at convenient distances apart, to be used instead of spittoons. Generally there is a hole bored in the floor near to each bedstead which is in the room.

More About California.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A Drive Down to Marysville.

GRASS VALLEY, CALIFORNIA, April 26, 1870.

The sunshine was brilliant, as only California sunshine can be, the sky cloudless, as betimes in the morning of April 18 we set forth for a drive down the mountains and across the plains to Marysville, 35 miles below here. Our horses were spirited, ourselves of good cheer, and we drove merrily along, truly luxuriating in the deliciously balmy air. Around us all was fresh and green, and the nearer we approached the foot hills the fresher, greener and lovelier all nature appeared. I never weary of noting the vast difference a few miles can show in the progress of vegetation among these California mountains. At Rough and Ready, only four miles below Grass Valley, there is at least a week's difference in the advance of all growth, nor is there visible a trace of that unlooked-for frost that during the second week of April blighted the promise of numerous peach trees in our immediate vicinity. Speaking of the frost reminds me that we have had two or three falls of snow since I wrote last, just such as those I referred to then, and owing to this stormy weather of late March and early April, the progress of spring has been much retarded. I am told that the season is three weeks later than usual.

As we drove along Squirrel Creek and through Penn Valley the scene continued to increase in loveliness. The last time I had been down there the live-oak alone of the oak family was possessed of its foliage. The others mournfully extended their gnarled branches with heavy boughs of mistletoe as their sole green adornment. Now the foliage of both white and black oak is magnificently luxuriant, being, of course, more developed the lower we descended. Much of the *chapparal* is now in the height of its bloom. Manzanita has been laden with its delicate pink blossoms since February, the chamisa has for several weeks been covered with a pretty white blossom, and the pure white syringa, or wild mock orange, the most beautiful and fragrant flower, is just bursting into bloom. The buckeye, the pride of the aborigines, blossoms later, but its fresh green foliage is now excessively charming. This latter is a most graceful shrub, growing often in very picturesque clumps, forming as arbor-like shelter from the sun's rays.

Growing in among the *chapparal* on the hill sides, in the forest glades, down ravines, in the fields, everywhere, we saw abundance of wild flowers. Oh, these flowers! How shall I ever find words to convey the faintest idea of their profusion and loveliness? Here the rich growth of mountain pinks led us to christen a hill near Rough and Ready "Pink Hill," there the luxuriance of lupins, "Lupin Hill," yonder was "Lupin Ravine." Then there were fields of wild poppy, the flower the Indians love, that they gather, dry, and use in various ways, chiefly for its narcotic properties. At home in our gardens poppies have never had much charm for me, here they affect me differently. They are larger, richer, more velvety in texture, more brilliant of hue, besides harmonizing to a marvellous degree with all the surroundings. First we found them in scattered patches, then extending over whole fields, alone or intermingled with blue flowers, and white flowers, and diverse other shades and varieties of flowers. Upon "Pink Hill" and elsewhere we found quantities of a most lovely little wild flower, white with straw-tinted centre, Jonquil-like in shape, called adder's tongue.

We turned off our direct route 15 miles from our starting point to visit the "Hydraulic Diggings" at Smartsville. These are very rich and celebrated claims, have been worked more steadily than any other of the kind in the state, and still yield enormous profits. The h se was doing its disintegrating work while we were there, causing everything with which its current came into contact to give way before it. One hill, whose now naked wall measures some 190 feet in height, stands cleft through the middle, the work having been accomplished, partly through tunnelling, partly through hose-washing. Gazing upward I could count 20 different strata of earth exposed upon one bared hill-side to the gaze of man. The sight was marvellous and intensely interesting, and would probably have impressed me still more deeply than it did had it not been for my visit just before to You Bet. Of this I must write in my next.

Roses were blooming in the Smartsville gardens, the low cottages were many of them covered with creepers rich with white or pink clusters. The contrast thus formed with the desolation of the mining grounds within view was a striking one.

Then we proceeded onwards, soon the last foot hill was left behind, and we were speeding across the lower plains. Had the wild flowers charmed us before, they fairly bewildered us now. There were acres upon acres of untilled land covered with the softest luxuriance of grass, intermingled with wild flowers of every form, size and hue. We were surrounded on every side as by the most superb carpet, of style and texture unparalleled. How softly could one rest beneath one of those weird, wide-spreading oaks that are picturesquely dotted through the country! Would it not be most enjoyable to wander at will with a pleasant horseback party through this beautiful region at this season, and provided with portable tents and provisions, pause to rest when we chose near some pleasant stream, where we could dreamily revel in the soft atmosphere, redolent as it is with delicious perfume! Numbers of these California wild flowers are deliciously fragrant, and they seem constantly scattered about amongst the still greater numbers that are entirely devoid of perfume, as though to equalize matters, for the latter are usually the most brilliant and beautiful. The wild sweet Elysium is one of the most abundant growths, and possesses perhaps the most delightful fragrance. It exceeds in pleasantness even the cultivated flower of its name.

My companions were my kindly hosts, "Old Block" and his wife, and being both endowed with the keenest powers of appreciative perception, they entered heartily into the enjoyment of the scenes we were passing through, albeit they were no new ones to them. They seemed to derive, besides, additional entertainment in watching my intense excitement. Why, I could hardly endure to drive respectably along in the way we should go. I wanted to spring from the carriage every five minutes to gather the flowers that grew under our very horses' feet. We did stop many times, ostensibly to gratify me, yet I verily believe my companions, old Californians though they are, were *almost* as eager for the flowers as I.

Never more shall I condemn little "Red Riding Hood" for being led astray by the temptation to gather flowers by the wayside. I never before realized what wild flowers were, and therefore thought the dear little girl foolishly naughty. But oh! if she encountered even half such lovely wild flowers as those of California, she could not help wandering on to gather them! Nor was it strange they so dazzled her senses that she failed to beware of the wolf, nor even that she mistook him for her grandmother when she reached the cottage. Ah! it was indeed lucky for me that I encountered no wolf!

Old Block, however, has seen wolves or coyotes upon these same flowery plains. Being an old pioneer, he has been over the same ground on foot when not a trace of civilization could be seen far and wide; before, in fact, it existed here. Then hordes of these coyotes prowled around, the wild deer roamed at large through mountain and plain, and occasional groups of the native Indians was the only human life to be encountered in miles, from one rude settlement to the next. Marvellous and strange has been the change wrought in twenty years!

Everywhere upon our route, too, we observed numerous birds of the most brilliant plumage, and they made the air glad with their cheerful song. The sun grew warmer and warmer as we approached Marysville—it became finally like a July or August day, and we actually found men mowing in the fields. How odd it seemed to me! My cries of "Oh, stop!—let me out of the carriage here!—I must have those flowers!" grew gradually fainter. My long drive had tamed me. Yet I was by no means exhausted. I have gained too much physical strength amongst California mountains for that.

The Yuba was soon reached, we crossed it by a bridge and drove along a willow-bordered road into Marysville. In referring to the Yuba I must relate an anecdote told of the dam of that river. A gentleman was once travelling through this country, and being much interested in the beauty of the scenery, stopped a little girl on her way to school to inquire the name of the vicinity, with which he was unacquainted. "Yuba Dam, sir," was the reply. "You be damned!" echoed he in horrified amaze. "Why, my little girl, it is dreadful to hear you making use of such profane language. Cannot you answer my question without that?" But the little one merely looked up with scared wonder into his face and hurried on. Presently he met a woman from one of the neighboring ranches. "My good woman," said he, "can you tell me the name of this place?" "Yuba Dam," sir," she answered. "Why, this is fearful!" cried the stranger. "Cannot you answer me a civil question without swearing?" "Yuba Dam, sir," repeated she, indignantly, and moved along, leaving her interrogator rooted to the spot. Soon a man came along, whom he addressed, only to receive a similar reply. But the man did not accept the stranger's reproaches as meekly as did the woman and child, and I regret to say before many words had been exchanged he pitched into his rebuker and soundly whipped him. Notwithstanding this the stranger's curiosity was so intensely aroused that he begged for an explanation, and learned that he was near the Dam of the Yuba river—pronounced by the country folks *Yuby*. He proceeded onwards, it is to be presumed, a wiser man.

I was charmed with Marysville, it is an extremely pretty place, with many more handsome buildings than I had expected to find. There are numbers of handsome churches, schools, and other public buildings, and the stores are substantial, city-like looking buildings. The dwelling houses are surrounded by charming fruit and flower gardens. The early roses were past their first bloom, and our later flowers were well advanced, at the time we were there. Upon the fig-trees the fruit was almost as far advanced as it will be up here in the mountains in June; and other trees had made similar progress. Huge cactuses, India-rubber plants, and other tropical growths abounded in the gardens, growing unharmed all the year round. The fruit upon the orange and lemon trees began to ripen at Christmas time, and has been coming on in abundance since. It has only recently been discovered that tropical fruits and plants would thrive out-doors all the year round in Marysville; and now attention is largely turned to their cultivation.

I do not know when I have been more fascinated than by the entire experience of this day. At our journey's end, too, we met pleasant, genial people. They were anxious that I, as a stranger, should like their city, pleased that I did so, and most hospitably urged their invitation that I should remain longer and see more of it. About sunset I was driven out over the Feather River into Sutter county—Marysville is in Yuba county—where I might obtain a good view of the thirteen-miles-distant Buttes. The view was a most exquisite one, and yet, oddly enough, except that it seemed strange to be on a level with their base, the Buttes did not look so vastly different than they have looked to me when I have seen them from a lofty altitude at a distance of forty miles and upwards. Gazing eastward, I could obtain a grand view of our mountains, as I find myself calling the vast Sierras. We could view the range far up to the regions of snow—and the sight was an almost oppressively grand one.

Early next morning we turned our horses heads homewards. Our route was the same of the previous day except that having reached the foot-hills we entered Penn Valley by a different road than the Smartsville one—that we had taken merely to see the "Diggings." We drove down to Marysville in five hours and a-half, including all our pauses to gather flowers, water our horses, etc., but we drove up the mountains more leisurely, and stopped to dine at the Empire Ranch, fifteen miles from home. Amongst my pleasant reminiscences of the trip will always be that of the rich, yellow cream I enjoyed here with almost childish pleasure.

This afternoon I am going to Quaker Hill, where I will be among scenes of the same character as those about You Bet—I will in fact, see a wide range of the same country, I am told. My next letter shall treat of both places.

AUBER FORESTIER.

☞ In Germany, while it is perfectly proper for a young lady to go home alone through the streets in the evening, it would be highly improper for a young gentleman to accompany her.

Singular Statement as to the Late General Thomas.

General Fitz-Hugh Lee has written a letter in which he says:—

"I knew General Thomas well. Was a lieutenant in the cavalry regiment of which he was the major before the war, and stationed at the same post in Texas with him. He was an excellent artillery officer (served in that arm in Mexico), an indifferent cavalry one—too heavy, too slow. Had not that '*coup d'œil plus rapide que le courrier emporte au galop, l'adresse d' un athlete, et l' agilite d' un centaure,*' that General Foy talks about in the 'Peninsular War,' but which did not prevent him from being a general officer of indisputable courage and unquestionable merit. You say 'he is charged with having, at the beginning of the war, hesitated as to which side he should enlist with,' &c. The New York Tribune, however, and all other Northern encomiums that I have read upon his name and fame, lay great stress upon his being a 'Virginia who never faltered in his allegiance to the Union.' But they would better have left that part of his record alone. It is a fact that when war threatened between the two sections of 'the best government the world ever saw,' General Thomas's feelings were Southern to almost the bellicose degree. It is a fact that he told me in New York city in 1861, as I was on my way from West Point to Washington to resign my commission as an officer in the United States Army, that he, too, intended to resign, and would soon follow me. It is a fact that about that time he wrote a letter to John Letcher, then Governor of Virginia, and tendered his services to the state, which letter the Governor may have now. The state of his birth can hardly be expected, under the circumstances, to erect a monument to him, but it should not defame him. He was an upright, kind-hearted man, and fought well, though against us. Let him rest in peace.

☞ "Gail Hamilton" (Miss Mary E. Dodge) is thus personalized by a writer in a favorite agricultural journal: "She is a cousin of Mrs. Speaker Blaine's, and was stopping in Washington with them. She is rather small, has a round, fresh, happy, laughing face, blue eyes, and brown hair, worn short, and sort o' curled or frizzed. She is animated in conversation, talks as she writes, is witty, fond of jokes, and must be jolly to have around. She doesn't look a bit pedantic, or blue stockin'-i-fied, and, judging from her face, she could pass nicely for twenty-five years old. Gail dresses well too. She looked neat and pretty as a Quakeress in her spring suit of French gray Irish poplin trimmed with bands of gray satin, hat and plume to match, and neck-tie and gloves of spring green."

☞ Admiral Porter has written a letter in which he says that the Delaware is the most defensible river in the world, and that Chester is the very best location in the United States for building iron ships. He adds: "There is going to be an immense business done in the next ten years in iron ships. Our Government is awakening to the necessity of rescuing our commerce from the hands of the English, and must necessarily from year to year grant liberal drawbacks and subsidies until we can stand on our legs again."

☞ A lengthy article—and a sensible one also—which we have recently seen on "How to be Handsome," may be thus briefly condensed: Keep clean; eat regularly and sleep enough; take care of your teeth; sleep in a cool room, in pure air; think and read, talk with people who know something, and thus wake up mind and soul.

☞ THE GRIP.—A smart boy, after eating a green apple, exclaimed—

"Oh, dear, I've chewed an Odd Fellow!"

"An Odd Fellow?" said his mother.

"Yes, he's giving me the grip."

That youngster will be somebody yet, if he lives long enough.

☞ Within a few years the introduction of a guard for the mouth and nostrils, was prevented by the workmen in an English needle factory. The men argued that to lengthen their lives would lessen their wages by introducing more workmen. So many people cling to customs which destroy them.

☞ One cent put at interest at the beginning of the Christian era, would, at compound interest, by this time, according to a Yankee calculator, amount to $2,008,785,469,721,770,280,517,330,007,361,941,510,902,778,447 38.

☞ A PIOUS INCENDIARY.—The Louisiana Baptist tells of an incendiary who lately set on fire a Baptist Church in that state—but who first piously removed the Bible and hymn-book, putting them on a log out of reach of the fire.

☞ Eggs are sold at Sparta, Wis., for twelve cents per dozen.

☞ The New York papers say that spring suits for ladies there are ornamented with everything "from Jacob's ladder to a pen-wiper, in silk.

☞ In Alleghany county, New York, a man who died recently, left his wife one cent., his brother a few dollars, and $5,000 for the erection of a monument to himself.

☞ WET THROUGH.—A gentleman mentioned to a witty friend that he had been caught in the rain, and was wet through. "Are you really wet through?" said the wit. "I was never wet through in my life—never further than the skin."

☞ "I am astonished, my dear young lady, at your sentiments; you make me start." "Well, sir, I have been wanting you to start for the last hour."

☞ Brown, the other day, while looking at the skeleton of a monkey, made a very natural quotation:—

"Ah!" said he, "we are fearfully and wonderfully made."

☞ Buffaloes are found to work well when used as oxen—a great many farmers in Wyoming having such teams.

☞ STRONG FAITH.—No people ever had a stronger faith in immortality than the Celts. One could borrow money of them, to be repaid in the other world.

☞ A young woman being asked by a politician which party she was most in favor of—replied that she loved a wedding-party best.

☞ Among the articles recently discovered at Pompeii, are a very rare glass oil lamp, and a night-lamp, like those in modern use.

☞ Boston saw with wonder, a few days ago, a woman seated on a pile of rubbish hard at work, with several male companions, chipping off the dried mortar from old bricks. A new vocation for woman.

☞ Alexander Dumas in a recent work writes that woman "can no more be emancipated than she can be remade; that her duties have been established from the beginning, as have man's."

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.

Twenty cents for each additional insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

☞ The difference between a "country" and a "city" greenhorn is, that the one would like to know everything, and the other thinks he can tell him.

☞ The standard-bearer of the Venetian army always wore tight hose, and that mode of dress became styled "pantaloon," a corruption of "plant the lion;" the flag of the republic being the lion of St. Mark.

☞ "How is your wife to-day?" said a friend to a French gentleman. "Oh! mocho de sam," said he, "she is no better, and I am 'fraid ver little wans. If she is gon to die, I wish she would do it soon. I feel so unhappy—my mind is so mocho unsettel. Ven she die, I shall not be so mocho dissatisfied."

☞ "Is my face dirty?" asked a young lady from the backwoods, while seated with her aunt at the dinner-table on a steamer running from Cairo to New Orleans. "Dirty! No. Why did you ask?" "Because that insulting waiter insists upon putting a towel beside my plate. I've thrown three under the table, and yet every time he comes around he puts another one before me."

☞ Two Jews in Vienna recently passed an Austrian officer who strutted up and down the street in his gold-embroidered uniform as majestically as a peacock. "Why," said Isaacs to Levy, "that officer looks as proud as if he had lost the battle of Sadowa all alone."

☞ "Why, Bridget," said a mistress, who wished to rally her girl for the amusement of her company upon the fantastical ornamentation of a pie, "why bless me! did you do this? You are quite an artist; how did you do it?" "Indeed, mum, it was meself that done it," replied Bridget; "ain't it purty? Faith, I did it with yer false teeth, mum!"

☞ An Elmira lad had a hawk that was partially tame. The other day he tied a small kitten to the bird's leg and set the two out of doors, when hawk, kitten and all swiftly disappeared in the air.

☞ An enterprising chap in New York recently got up a lively sensation by announcing that he had got up a new drink. It turned out to be water—which, though new to Gotham, is in no danger of being adopted.

☞ "There is nothing for me to live for; I wish I were dead," said a despondent and despairing person. "That might not help matters. If you are not satisfied with God's government in this world, I don't know why you should be in another," was the rebuking reply of a wise friend.

☞ A nobby New York groomsman put the $100 fee into his pocket instead of handing it to the clergyman, and the latter would never have got it unless he had written to the groom to know whether he was ever to be paid.

☞ Coupon says he doesn't care anything about the Funding Bill, but if Congress would only pass a re-funding bill, so he could get back some of the amounts that have been squeezed out of him in taxes, he should like it better.

☞ A Kansas man ate three pounds of raisins, the other day, on a wager which was paid to his widow.

☞ The verb "to interview," denounced by purists as an Americanism, was so employed in England in the Elizabethian era, and can claim a higher antiquity than the noun, which is used without hesitation.

☞ Screws when subject to strain are apt to work loose in soft wood, and the screw-hole should first be filled with thick glue. If no glue is handy, put powdered rosin around the hole and heat the screw before driving.

☞ Marshall, the discoverer of gold in California, lives in a little hut in that state, covered with tin taken from the inside of dry goods boxes, on land not his own, poor as the traditional church mouse.

☞ The Conneaut (Ohio) Reporter relates the following instance, illustrating the terrible activity and virulence of strychnine: "A farmer named Chilson, living near Girard, thinking to rid his cornfield of a troublesome ground hog, managed to administer the quadruped a dose of strychnine, which killed him nearly instantly. The carcass was suspended in a tree, where the crows soon espied the savory bit, and proceeded to appease their appetites. After partaking of the fatal meal, the crows would fly rapidly a short distance, as if in agony, and fall dead to the ground. The bones, being thoroughly stripped of their flesh, remained exposed to the bleaching influence of sunshine, rain and frost for nearly two years, when, falling to the ground, a highly-prized dog masticated parts of them, and died from the effects in a space not exceeding ten minutes.

☞ An extremely fashionable young lady, who was showing a country cousin the interior of Trinity Church, New York, was asked what the alpha and omega on the baptismal font signified. "The A," was the response, "stands for the Almighty, and that other thing there is a horse-shoe to frighten away evil spirits. Ever since the Lord was born in a stable, the horse-shoe, you know, represents His divinity." And the fair theologian smiled complacently.

☞ John Quill says: "Why can't people cultivate sociability and good nature? Here was a man the other night got tearing mad and organized a riot, just because a fellow who sat behind him at the theatre put his feet up on his shoulder and spit in his high hat. Some men have such cold and unsympathetic natures that they can't bear a little genial humor in their fellow beings."

☞ The N. Y. World says of Mr. Greeley: "No one can raise a better beet; few can write a better article; and in that happy blending of qualities which render a man likely to be run over we do not know his equal."

☞ Our great American pedestrian is going to England to excite the amazement of Mr. Bull by his walkatory powers. Thus "*Eastward* the star of Weston takes its way."

☞ This is the perfectly frank statement of Mr. Sambo Green, a negro prisoner in Detroit, as he bled him to the penitentiary for some slight irregularity called larceny. Said he—"'Fore God, when dat lawyer dat 'fended me made his speech, I thought shuah I was going to take my ole hat and walk right out of dat co't-room; but when t'odder lawyer got up and commenced talkin', I knew I was de wust niggah on top of de earf."

☞ A San Francisco man urges everybody in that city who owns a planchette to leave it, when not in use, with a blank sheet of white paper under it, on a flat surface, so that if an earthquake should come, it could record its direction and force.

☞ SCHOOL-GIRLS ABROAD.—A school-girl in Europe has neat clothing, but nothing of what we call dress. I met an elegant New York mother in Paris, who had just got three or four pretty daughters to boarding-school there, with no articles in the wardrobe more showy than the plain black gowns of the regulation pattern. Surely a great change from our New York fashions, which brings all the treasures of the dressmaker, milliner, and sometimes even of the jeweller to bear upon the pet girl of fourteen or fifteen years, who is forced to bloom out into the precocious woman when she should be in the bud of her childhood.

☞ A crazy man is about Iowa City, armed with a live polecat which he carries under his arm. When he asks for something to eat at a house, and it is not forthcoming, he immediately gets his battery into position in front of the premises, and calls for a surrender.

☞ Miss Charlotte Cushman—bored, doubtless, by the emptiness and flummery that characterize the courtiers and courtier-esses who live in the false glare that shines from the thrones of the effete monarchies of the Old World [now is that for style?]—is about to return to free America to reside permanently.

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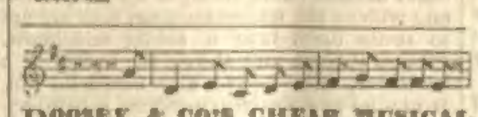

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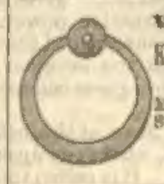

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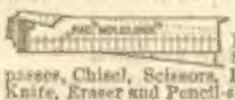

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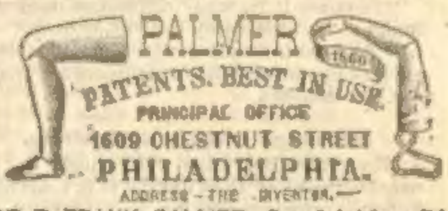

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WIT AND HUMOR.

The Minister's Joke.

Old Dr. Strong, of Hartford, Conn., was not often outwitted by his people. On one occasion, he had invited a young minister to preach for him, who proved rather a dull speaker, and whose sermon was unusually long. The people became wearied, and as Dr. Strong lived near the bridge, near the commencement of the afternoon service he saw his people flocking across the river to the other church. He readily understood that they feared they should have the same young man in the afternoon. Gathering up his wits, which generally came at his bidding, he said to the young minister—

"My brother across the river is rather feeble, and I know he will take it kindly to have you preach to his people, and if you will do so, I will give you a note to him, and will be as much obliged to you as I would to have you preach for me; and I want to have you preach the same sermon that you preached to my people this morning."

The young minister, supposing this to be a commendation of his sermon, started off in good spirits, delivered his note, and was invited to preach most cordially. He saw before him one-half of Dr. Strong's people, and they had to listen one hour and a half to the same dull, humdrum sermon that they heard in the morning. They understood the joke, however, and said they would never undertake to run away from Strong again.

The Man that was Weighed.

Sunday-school Superintendent (in the afternoon examining the children upon the morning service.)—"Now, then, what was the chapter that was read?"

Little Girl.—"It was about a man that was weighed."

S. S. Superintendent.—"Yes; weighed in the balances and found wanting. What was his name?"

Little Girl.—"Tekel, sir."

S. S. Superintendent.—"No, no; think again."

Little Girl.—"Please, sir, it says, 'Tekel, thou art weighed.'"

Now, of course, the child had read Tekel, in Daniel, v. 27, as a name in the vocative case. Some preachers of the Profound Significance school make mistakes which are just as bad—or as bad as that inventive pulpiter who, on Luke x. 30, said, "Mark, my brethren! we have here an example of decision of character. 'A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho.' Observe, he was a *certain* man; he *knew* what he was about."

Paying the Freight.

The miners in the new territories are victimised without mercy by the Jew traders that they are compelled to buy supplies of. An English miner who went to buy a darning-needle, selected one, stuck it in the lappel of his coat, and asked the price.

"Four bits, (half a dollar,) my teah."

"Four bits! four devils," said the miner; "why, where I come from you can buy a dozen for one bit."

"Vere you come from?" said the trader.

"Birmingham, England."

"Yaas, dat ish so, but this is in America, you know."

"Suppose it is, what difference does that make?" said the sooty worker of ores.

"*Ah! you forget der freight, my teah,*" said the peddler, with a deprecatory shrug.—*Com. Bulletin.*

Marriage Under Difficulties.

When the Delaware runs high in the neighborhood of Port Jervis it is somewhat difficult crossing, making it especially annoying to parties living on opposite sides of the stream from the parson when matrimony is contemplated. In the early time, when Port Jervis was a frontier settlement, and Parson Van Benschoten, minister to the Reformed Dutchmen of the bailiwick, he was called upon to marry a couple under difficulties. The stream was so high and rapid that to "skiff" across was impossible. He appeared on the bank, they upon the other—the best they could do. Amidst and over-sounding the din of waters he tied hard the nuptial knot, and pronounced them man and wife, adding, with stentorian emphasis, as he saw them gayly ascending the hill, "I say! *you can leave the money at Hawkins's.*"

SHARP REPLY.—From Hardinsburg, Kentucky, comes a narrative of a young gentleman of that state who happened to be at a wedding party at which Mrs. B., the wife of a Methodist minister, was present. Our young friend was fond of pleasantry, and at the supper-table brought a huge plate of meat, etc., enough for half a dozen, saying, "When you want more just back up your cart." "I will," "if I can get the *same donkey* to draw it." The reply seems now, and good enough to carry the "cart" part, which always was an ancient Miller.—*Harper's Magazine.*

A DISTINCTION WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE.—An instance of distinction without a difference was offered by the Irishman, who, having legs of different sizes, ordered boots to be made accordingly. His directions were obeyed; but, as he tried the smaller boot upon the larger leg, he exclaimed, indignantly: "Confound the fellow! I ordered him to make one *larger* than the other, and, instead of that, he has made one *smaller* than the other."

A PUZZLED PORTER.—A lady occupying a room, letter B, at a hotel in New York, wrote on the slate as follows: "Wake letter B at seven; and if letter B says 'Let her be,' don't let her be, nor let letter B be, because if you let letter B be, letter B will be unable to let her house to Mr. B., who is to call at half-past ten." The porter—a much better boot-black than orthographist—after studying the above all night, did not know whether to wake letter B or to "let her be."

A CAUTIOUS ANSWER.—There once lived in a village not more than three hundred miles west of New York, a certain tradesman who had a large family, and little "treasures" were continually being added to his board. One day one of his little boys happened to be in a store, and was thus interrogated by a young man present: "John, how many brothers and sisters have you got?" "I don't know," answered the boy, "I hain't been home since morning."

☞ The worst sold man in the country is said to live in Rochester, N. Y. For seventeen years he has been regularly winding his clock every night before retiring, and to his utter astonishment he discovered, last week, that it was an *eight-day* clock.

THINGS THEY MANAGE BETTER IN FRANCE.

SCENE—AT A PUBLISHER'S.

"Parlyvoo Ongly, Monsoo?" "Yes, Sare."

"O—I see you are publishing an Annual of the French '*Noblesse!*'" "Yes, Sare."

"Well, my name is—a—is Robinson, in point of fact; but I have some reason to believe that on my mother's side I am distantly connected with the French Aristocracy, and I should like to trace—"

"Yes, Sare. I ondairstand. If you shall veesh to soobscribe to my Annual—thirty-six franc by year—you shall write in eet any mortal sing in ze vorld you please about yourself and your distinguished French extraction."

COME SIT BY MY SIDE, LITTLE DARLING.

I.

Come sit by my side, little darling,
And lay your brown head on my breast,
While the angels of twilight around us
Are singing the flowers to rest.
Your hands are as fair as the lilies
That blossom in shadows of green;
And their touch has a magical power
My heart from all sadness to wean.

II.

I dream when your arms are around me
That life is an infinite calm;
Your kiss has the spell of a charmer—
Your kiss that is sweeter than balm.
Oh! what could be sweeter than dreaming
This dream that is on us to-night?
Let us think of the present, my darling,
The future is out of our sight.

III.

Sing low in the twilight some ballad
As sweet as the smile on your face,
That shall thrill me with melody's sweetness,
And touch with its words' tender grace.
And I'll give you a kiss when it's ended,
A kiss that the singer shall earn;
And perhaps—do you hear, little darling?—
I shall ask for a kiss in return.

The Upas Tree.

It was once a general belief that the upas tree had a power of poisoning the air, so that neither plant nor animal could live within the range of its deadly influence. The eminent botanist, Darwin, in his scientific poem, "the botanic garden," gives a vivid description of its destructive power. But more careful investigations showed that it was not the tree that did the mischief, but certain sulphurous or other gases coming from volcanos in the vicinity.

There is a famous region in Java, at the foot of the volcano Papandayang, where the upas tree is the only living thing. It is called the "Valley of Poison," and lies about six or seven hundred feet below the basin of an old crater. There are many crevices in the side of the mountain from which carbonic gas pours out from time to time.

Scientific travellers have seen here a great number of dead animals, of various kinds, as dogs, cats, tigers, rhinoceroses, squirrels, birds, and even snakes. The soft parts of the animals, as the skin, the muscles and the hair or feathers, do not decay so rapidly as the bones. The former are often preserved entire, while the bones are entirely crumbled.

As the upas tree is the only living thing in the neighborhood, it is not surprising that the deadly power was ascribed to its influence. But the fatal miasma comes from the volcanic fumes, probably from sulphurous vapor, which killed the elder Pliny and his companions at a long distance from Vesuvius, at the time of the destruction of Herculaneum.

Dr. Foersch, a distinguished surgeon in the service of the East India company, first published an account of the upas tree in "Pennants outline of the Globe," at the close of the last century. He says:

"I saw it, the sole individual of its species, standing alone, in a scene of solitary horror, on the middle of a naked, blasted plain, surrounded by a circle of mountains, the whole area of which is covered with the skeletons of birds, beasts, and men. Not a vestige of vegetable life is to be seen within the contaminated atmosphere, and even the fish die in the water."

☞ Not for Joseph might have been the remark of Joseph Dixon, who was the favored suitor for the hand of a young lady in Rush county, Indiana. He had in Edwin Colburn a rival who tried the effect of strategy. As Joseph was returning to his home, from a visit to the lady, last Sunday, night, a ghost appeared to him and solemnly warned him not to visit her again. The youth was badly frightened, but had nerve enough to draw a pistol and fire it with such effect as to bring Edwin, the ghost, down with a fractured knee.

☞ An Indiana clergyman denounces the eating of oysters as "a sin of which nobody but loafers, gamblers, and similar characters are guilty." That clergyman is in the darkness of ignorance, and deserves to go to a place where no oysters are eaten.

The Duel in Spain.

In Spain the duel is the resort of gentlemen. The point of honor is absolute in society. The phrase itself has been used so much, that its angles have been worn off and the three words rubbed into one—*punodonor* (*punto de honor*). Not satisfied with that, the Spaniards have started from the basis of this barbarous abbreviation to build an adjective, *punodonoroso*, which conveys the highest compliment you can pay to a cavalier of Castile. To be touchy and quarrelsome—bizarre, as they term it—is the sure index of a noble spirit. If you are not bellicose yourself, you must at least always be ready to accept a quarrel with alacrity. This is a *corsee* to which every one is subject who pretends to be in the world.

You must not be too nice, either, in the choice of an adversary. The son of one of the most important families of the kingdom was recently killed in a duel with a man of greatly inferior social position. The Governor of the Philippine Islands fought a few weeks ago with a young clerk whom he had imprisoned at Manilla for not taking off his hat when his Excellency passed by for his airing. The clerk bided his time, and buffeted the Governor at the door of the Casino in Madrid, and hence the fight.

Neither youth nor age is a just cause of exemption. Two gray-haired lieutenant-generals went out this winter for a friendly interchange of shots. Two boys at the military school rode in from Guadalajara with their friends, and fought before sunrise in the shadow of the monument of the Dos de Mayo in the Prado. One was left dead in the frosty grass at the foot of the obelisk, and the rest mounted their horses and hurried back to be in time for morning prayers at the college.

The duel is therefore in Spain not the absurd anachronism that it is in countries more advanced. It is a portion of the life of the people. It is an incident of the imperfect civilization which still exists in the Peninsula. It is believed in and respected as a serious and dignified end to a quarrel. There are men who see the utterly false and illogical character of the custom; but even these, while deploring it, do not dare oppose it.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

The Uses of Fiction.

One of the first uses of fiction is, that it keeps awake a good ideal of life. In their own narrow spheres, men have a tendency to run in narrow grooves, and become the victims of petty desires and mean theories. Without that constant communion with other natures which enlarges the sympathies and widens the understanding, men are apt to settle down into a sordid selfishness. Fiction steps in and shows the beauty of a healthier, more active and beneficial life. It kindles new desires, awakens a little heroism to purify the tainted moral air, and lets a man see what, after all, ought to be the chief pleasures and the real aim of living. A man who loves fiction cannot be altogether a sneak. The multitude of honorable people he meets would shame him into better conduct. A man is known by the company he seeks; and your churlish, contemptible, avaricious, and mean-spirited man is not likely to court the society of these fictitious ladies and gentlemen, who would be constantly rebuking him by their unselfishness, their generosity, and kindly demeanor. The novelist may be said to be always on the side of the virtues. He does not—or, at least, ought not to—make his virtuous people invariably triumphant in the end; for, in real life, they are not so; but the mere fact that he exhibits certain lines of conduct as being praiseworthy and commendable, and certain others as being contemptible and bad, makes him, in spite of himself, a moralist. Farther: however realistic may be his treatment of ordinary life, it must catch a glow of richness and color from his imagination. He must so far idealize his scenes as to give them dramatic vigor, howsoever faithful in detail they may be; and hence we find that in fiction life is always presented to us as something a little richer, and finer, and more noble than most of us discover it to be in reality. This is the ideal life which is presented to every one who reads fiction. It shows us what real life might be; and thus puts before us a high standard by which to measure every-day conduct and speech. We not only find in novels the world as it appears to another man's eyes; but we also find, in general, that world rendered a trifle better than we know it, so that we have always something to aim at.

AGRICULTURAL.

Drains.

A prudent householder will look closely to the condition of his drains. If they are leaky or obstructed the health of the family will surely suffer; but there is another danger, less obvious, which should be borne in mind. Modern houses are built with water-closets, and set wash stands on every story. Each of them is in almost direct communication with the air contained in the main sewers of the city; these sewers are open where they empty into the harbor, and exposed to the full force of the wind at certain states of the tide. Our only defence is in the little traps beneath our household conveniences. These are liable to break, to corrode, to wear out; in which case the deadly gases of the sewers may escape into the very rooms in which we sleep.

Most houses in the country are exposed to special dangers from the absence of drains; the refuse from houses being poured upon the ground, thereby infecting not only air, but water also. In some instances the kitchen slops, delivered from a spout upon a limited space, have in the course of time worn a direct channel to the family well. In any case, it may be useful to remember that the soil surrounding a well is drained by it, and that the extent of this drainage may be represented by an inverted cone, of which the base, at the surface of the ground, is equal to from one to three times the depth of the excavation, this difference depending on the porousness of the earth. In this view it will be seen how important it is for the purity of both air and water that pigstyes, privies and manure heaps should be kept at a certain distance from the dwelling. Many a case of typhoid, and much impaired vitality ready to succumb to trifling ailments, might be traced to such pollutions. The disinfecting quality of earth itself fortunately relieves us from the greatest liability to impure well-water, but even this beneficent quality may be exhausted by abuse.

Materials for Floors of Horse Stables.

The floors of city stables are of various kinds of material. The stable proper, its stalls, loose boxes, &c., are usually covered with wood laid in various ways. This material is perhaps less objectionable for such purposes than any other in use, since floors laid with wood last longer and need less repairing than do those laid with stone; however, some persons object to wood on account of its becoming saturated with urine and other animal fluids in a short time. Concrete is another substance now used in some rare instances for floors of stables, but from what we have seen of it we cannot truthfully recommend it for such a purpose, as it is very apt during the hot season to become full of holes and very uneven on its surface; its chief composition being, we believe, gas tar mixed with sand or gravel. Cobble and Belgian pavements are also in use for stable-floors, but more frequently for the floor of the carriage-house or on that part of it upon which carriages stand while being washed.—*McClure's Stable Guide.*

Cultivating the Strawberry.

It has become fairly settled as the only sound method of cultivating the strawberry that the plants must be kept from runners. The effect of this practice is wonderful. The whole growth of the plant is concentrated by this means in the original stock, and it enlarges, until as many as a quart of berries have been plucked from a single plant. It will be understood that this method is followed only with such plants as are not raised with a view of propagation, but are permanent varieties, set out for family use. In order to sell, the runners must be encouraged. After all the endless list of varieties which have been extolled as the best, the Wilson retains its position as the best market berry. Much will be found to depend on the nature of the soil and the mode of cultivation. Before the plants are in bloom in the early spring, the application of liquid manure will be found of great value.

Beets.

A Paris agricultural paper says that the culture of the beet is worth as much to a country as a fertilizer as it is for its product of sugar—the pulp being more valuable than the saccharine material extracted.

It is fed to cattle kept in stables, and where it is raised in large quantities, it permits a very large increase of stock. These in turn fertilize the land, so that the crop of wheat, in addition to the speciality of beets, has immensely increased.

We see no reason why a like result should not be obtained in this country, where the making of beet-sugar has been inaugurated, and will be constantly increasing. If the pumice is all carefully saved and fed as in France, there can be no reason why the soil should not be constantly growing in productiveness.

FOOT-ROT IN CATTLE.—A correspondent furnishes the Mirror and Farmer, Manchester, N. H., the following remedy for this disease:—Put them in a place where you can handle their feet, and then take half a pint of common tar and as much soft soap, put them into any vessel, and heat them together until they get thoroughly mixed; then let it cool down some, but not too much; put it on the parts affected quite hot, and in seven cases out of ten it will effect a cure, but if it does not, repeat the soap and tar, which will be sufficient to cure any case that I ever saw, in a few days.

RECEIPTS.

RHUBARB.—The best way of cooking this delicious substitute for fruit is to bake it. Cut up the stalks into a pie-dish of nice white or yellow earthenware, sprinkle sugar over, cover with a plate, set in the oven and bake fifteen or twenty minutes, just long enough to be tender and retain its fresh green color, like green apples. It is an excellent supper dish to eat with bread and butter or cream.

TO BAKE A SHAD.—Empty and wash the fish with care, but do not open it more than is necessary, and keep on the head and fins. Then stuff it with force meat. Sew it up, or fasten it with fine skewers, and rub the fish over with the yolk of egg and a little of the stuffing.

Put into the pan in which the fish is to be baked about a gill of water mixed with a tablespoonful of Cayenne vinegar, or common vinegar will do. Baked in a moderate oven one and a half or two hours, or according to its size.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 145 letters.
My 4, 11, 35, 74, 85, 93, 105, 26, 79, 104, 64, is an ancient battle.
My 7, 97, 90, 88, 61, 124, 59, 3, 133, 1, is a town in Indiana.
My 18, 20, 50, 57, 75, 5, 38, 109, is an ancient battle.
My 21, 143, 125, 82, 130, 60, is a city in Spain.
My 23, 87, 114, 83, 51, 34, 136, 84, 127, 107, 140, 37, 41, were in use in Mexico at the time of its discovery.
My 31, 69, 36, 94, 32, 16, 10, 54, 25, 141, is a city in England.
My 37, 22, 63, 17, 49, 2, 8, 33, 46, 25, is a peninsula.
My 39, 55, 24, 126, 12, 73, 99, 92, 65, 129, 40, 43, 47, 144, 56, 90, is a large body of water in the eastern hemisphere.
My 62, 56, 6, 66, is a writing to convey property.
My 68, 17, 133, 20, 7, 22, 42, 96, 47, is a city in Germany.
My 72, 38, 108, 142, 1, 4, 139, is a shuddering with fear, terror.
My 78, 117, 138, 52, 9, 44, 48, 109, is a marine aquatic bird.
My 79, 100, 8, 121, 76, 101, 120, is a group of islands.
My 81, 89, 35, 50, 77, is an adverb.
My 91, 9, 67, 118, 115, is an adjective.
My 95, 43, 98, 19, 69, 111, 132, is an adjective.
My 103, 6, 134, 135, 16, 53, 14, is a gulf in Europe.
My 115, 82, 110, is an evergreen tree.
My 116, 71, 15, 137, 44, 7, 28, 145, 48, 131, 58, 70, 55, 2, 61, is a celebrated fortress in Europe.
My 127, 122, 139, 119, 45, 86, 106, 23, 105, 77, 113, 118, is a volcano in Mexico.
My whole is a quotation from Milton.

Honeytown, Ind. PHILIP.

Acrostical Enigma.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 1 7, 10, is one of the signs of the Zodiac.
My 2, 14, 4, is the compound of a metal and some other substance.
My 3, 10, 1, 13, is a deal at cards that draws all the tricks.
My 4, 8, 11, is what we all must do in order to sustain life.
My 5, 9, 13, is an indefinite pronoun.
My 6, 10, 3, 4, 1, is a fictitious narrative in prose.
My 7, 8, 14, 11, 12, is the dwelling place of many.
My 8, 1, 11, 3, 14, is a place of worship.
My 9, 8, 3, 13, is the middle of a church.
My 10, 8, 14, is an instrument for rowing boats.
My 11, 4, 3, is by many considered a refreshing beverage.
My 12, 7, 14, 2, is a man of distinguished bravery.
My 13, 3, 7, is the close of the day.
My 14, 8, 3, 13, 6, is a large bird.
My whole is a scriptural command very highly appreciated by the young folks generally throughout this country. D. H. M.

Abbottstown, Pa.

Mathematical Problem.

Find the sides of a triangle in whole numbers whose sides and the perpendicular from the angle included by the longest and shortest sides are in arithmetical progression.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Dilatorial Question.

Suppose a traveller would begin a journey from A to B with such speed that he would accomplish the one twenty-fifth part of the whole distance in the first 24 hours of his travel; but would *slacken* his speed each succeeding 24 hours in such a *Geometrical Proportion* that he *never* could quite reach B—(although so nearly as any number of figures may express distance.) In what length of time would he get the distance again (next following) that he had come the first 24 hours?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ When is a leg of mutton like a modern poet? Ans.—When it's Browning.

☞ Why is a leg of mutton being roasted like London in 1665? Ans.—Because it's before the fire.

☞ When is a leg of mutton like venison? Ans.—When it's dear.

☞ Why is an old man like a place in the West Indies? Ans.—Why, when he's Hayti, of course.

☞ Riddle for the skating season (when it comes again.) Why is a fall like the want of the letter T? Ans.—Because it makes a tumbler 'umbler.

☞ What is the difference between a falling star and a fog? Ans.—One is missed in heaven, and the other mist on earth.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA.—
"Thought is deeper than all speech;
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught."

RIDDLE.—"One to-day is worth two to-morrow."

TO STUFF AND ROAST A CALF'S LIVER.—Take a fresh calf's liver, and having made a hole in it with a large knife run in lengthways, but not quite through, have ready a forced meat or stuffing made of part of the liver parboiled, fat of bacon minced very fine, and sweet herbs powdered; add to these some grated bread and spice finely powdered, with pepper and salt. With this stuffing fill the hole in the liver, which must be larded with fat bacon, and then roasted, flouring it well, and basting with butter. Serve hot.

TO BROIL CALF'S LIVER.—Cut in slices, put over it salt and pepper, broil it nicely, and pour on some melted butter, with chopped parsley after it is dished.

MAIZENA BLANC MANGE.—Quarter of a pound of maizena to three pints of milk. Put two and a half pints of milk to boil with a quarter of a pound of loaf-sugar and some thinly-pared lemon-rind. Mix the maizena with the remaining cold milk, and add a few drops of almond flavoring. When the other milk is boiling, strain it and stir it to the maizena. Put it all into the saucepan, just let it boil a minute or two, and pour it into moulds which have been previously stood in cold water. This is a very wholesome dish, and will be found particularly nice to eat with baked or stewed fruit.